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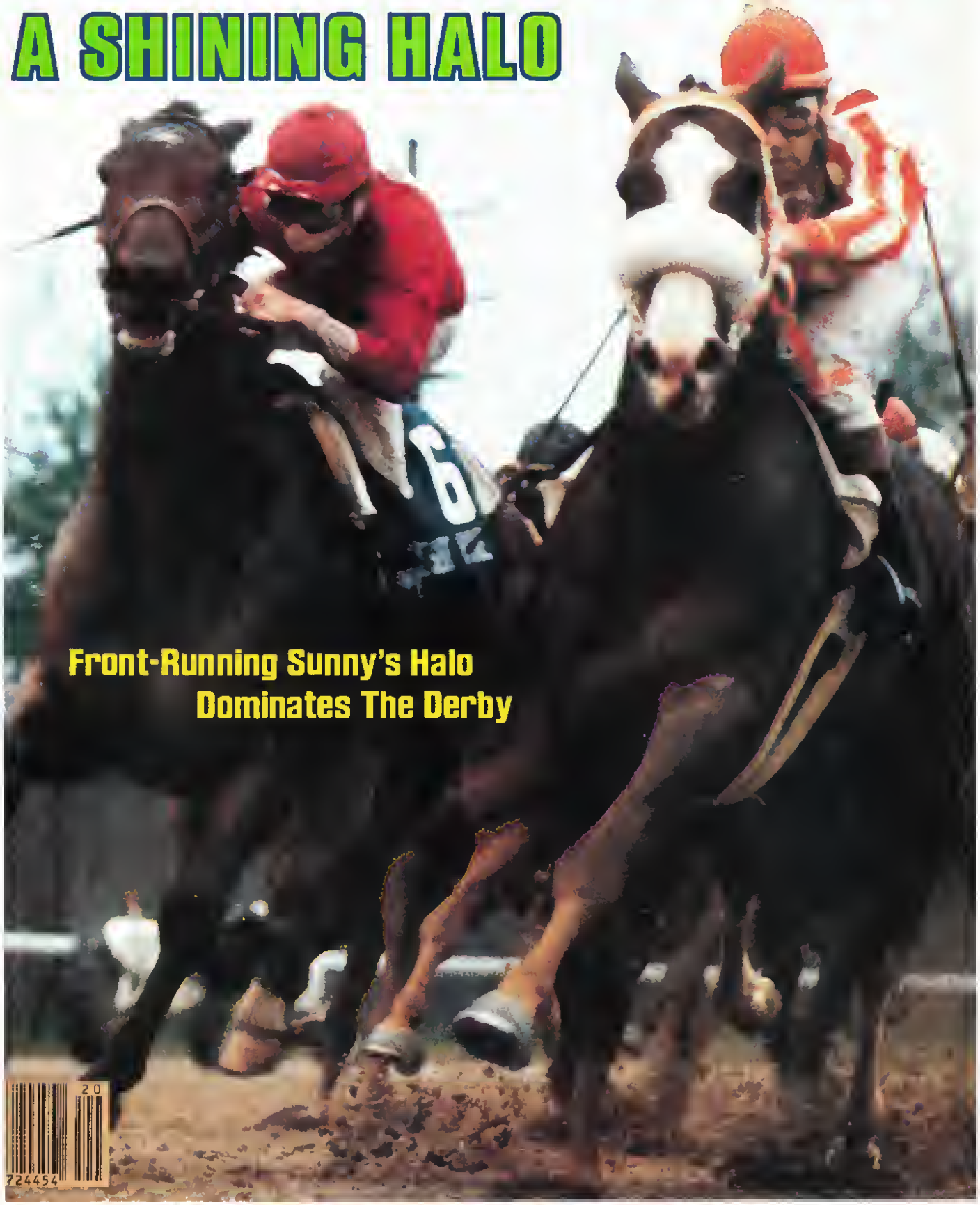

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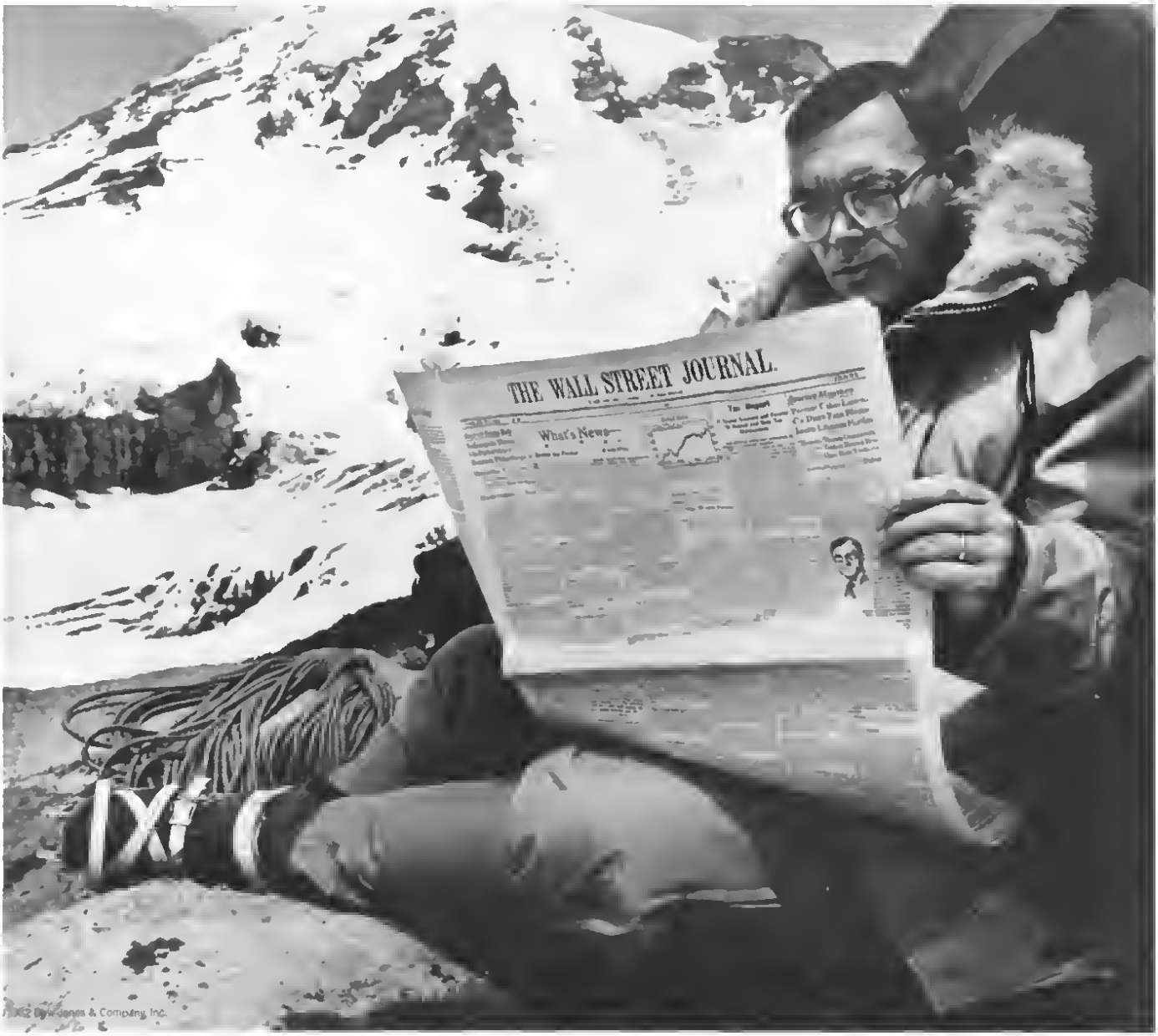

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Writer-Reporter Demmie Stathoplos, who assisted Writer William Nack with the Kentucky Derby story that starts on page 30, began to cover horse racing for SI in 1972. The next year she found herself watching a big chestnut colt named Secretariat run to a 2½-length victory in the Derby. Two weeks later in Baltimore she saw him win the Preakness by 2½. Then, on June 9, she saw him triumph in the Belmont by an astounding 31 lengths.

STATHOPLOS HAS SEEN A SLEW OF CHAMPIONS

So has it been all anticlimax on the racing beat since then? Not quite. In 1977 Stathoplos watched Seattle Slew win the Derby. And the Preakness. And the Belmont. In 1978 Affirmed did the same. Again Stathoplos was there. "It seemed to me that there were going to be Triple Crown winners all the time," she says. "After all, I'd seen three of them in six years."

"There can't be many people who have witnessed three complete Triple Crowns, all nine races," says Senior Writer Bill Leggett, who has been hanging about racetracks since he was six and ought to know.

Stathoplos was raised in Manchester, N.H., and though she did display the usual pre-adolescent fondness for horses—"I talked my father into paying what he considered the outrageous price of $5 for a couple of riding lessons," she says—her main sport was swimming (She's also our swimming reporter and has written pieces on subjects as diverse as bush-league jockeys and synchronized swimming.) Every day in winter she would trudge through the snow down several steep Manchester hills to the YWCA pool. In summer she would trudge half a mile up a steep hill to swim in an abandoned granite quarry, rumored to be bottomless and known to have swallowed any number of wrecked cars.

Stathoplos went on to major in English lit. at the University of New Hampshire, where she didn't join a sorority—"Why bother? I was already Greek," she says—but did play lacrosse and work nights as a disc jockey at the school radio station, WMDR.

No one at SI can match Stathoplos at one-liners, but she's a good listener as well, a trait she uses to advantage when touring the backstretch. "Demmie's a very good interviewer," says Leggett, who has worked many a race story with her. "She listens to a trainer talking to a group of reporters and then gets him alone later and asks, 'Please explain this,' or 'What did you mean by that?' She's very good at making the expert clear to the layman."

Stathoplos has a slightly different view of her work. "I love covering horse racing," she says, "because it takes all your wits to figure out which trainer is lying to you totally and which is feeding you half-truths. Of course, trainers have to be good liars. Why give your secrets away to the guy in the next barn? Does Macy's tell Gimbels?"

Of last week's Derby, her 12th, Stathoplos says, "I couldn't see it for the umbrellas." She bet the winner, Sunny's Halo, but probably to Stathoplos the new champion will never quite rate with the first winner, Aristides, in 1875. "That's my oldest brother's name," she says. "But we call him Harry."

Her brother. Not the horse.

Philip D. Hoblet

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On The Scene

by MICHAEL PARFIT

NEVER PLAYED HOCKEY? CAN'T SKATE? CARE TO LEARN? THE NNHL WANTS YOU

Ashley Root is a young man who has known suffering. For years he was a fan of the Washington Capitals, which meant that when he went to a hockey game, he could expect to lose. One night in January of 1980 it looked as if the impossible was about to happen. The Caps were playing the Philadelphia Flyers, a team they had never beaten, and they had a lead late in the game. Alas, the proceedings ended in a tie, and Root recalls he "just about threw up."

ILLUSTRATION BY JARED LEE

Reflecting on it afterward, Root began to take a new view of his favorite sport—he got *The Idea*. "*I realized my problem* was that I wanted to play, not watch," he says. But in hockey as in most sports, there was no room for the adult who had suddenly developed the athlete's itch. Most amateur leagues cater to fading stars, sandlot junkies or enthusiastic near-pros who have been playing since they were six. If you don't know how to make a free throw, pivot on a double play or shoot on goal, you're out of luck. Don't come around *here*, buddy.

By way of explaining just what The *Idea is, we cut quickly to an apartment in* Los Angeles where Root and a friend, Steve Katz, sit at a table covered with paper and telephones. Behind them a bed is blanketed with more paper. Both men have harried looks: hair disheveled, ears raw from too much contact with the receiver, eyes slightly bloodshot. And with good reason. They are trying to evaluate hockey skill over the phone. Typical dialogue goes as follows:

"So you played some when you were 14. For six years? Yes . . . O.K., where? *Toronto?* No, sorry. Thanks for the call."

"You're 23 now? Played six years ago . . . feel pretty good on skates, do you? Can you skate backward? I see. . . . That well! No, no. I'm sorry."

"Never played? You ever been on skates? . . . I see. Twice. Fell a lot? Ahhh. And how do you spell your name, sir? Yes, sir. Practice is Sunday night, 8:15."

This is the headquarters of the National Novice Hockey League, an organization devoted to participation by those who can hardly skate, much less shoot a puck. Root is the league's president; Katz is his national market developer, the man who helps Root continue the league's relentless search for inexperience and ineptness. *In the NNHL all mistakes are* forgiven, particularly the transgression of *inexperience. Salvation lies not in ability* but in training and enthusiasm. It's assumed you are a klutz, so if you turn out to be one, it doesn't matter: You get eight weeks of schooling before you're ever asked to fire a puck at a goalie. So when Root—who gave up a career in audio communications to run the league full time—puts little ads in the *Los Angeles Times*, the calls come pouring in. A lot of people out there are apparently eager to *invest $168 a year in league membership* and as much as $350 in equipment and then push themselves through embarrassment and physical discomfort just so they can get out of the bleachers and *play*.

Since the first six NNHL teams were formed in Washington, D.C. in 1980, the league has grown remarkably. 62 teams of 17 players each now compete weekly in three cities—Los Angeles, Washington and San Francisco—and more teams are being formed all the time. By this fall the NNHL expects to have more than 100 teams playing in seven cities.

Los Angeles has the most teams, 27, divided into northern and southern conferences. There are 23 teams in Washington and 12 in San Francisco, and in both of those cities the NNHL operates much as it does in L.A.: New members are given their weeks of skating and game instruction, and then are divided by an administrator into teams that play an eight-game season among themselves. After that come playoffs, summer leagues and then preseason tournaments, so the league is active all year. Play is confined to each team's city thus far, though Root hopes someday to have intercity tournaments.

The yearning to participate seems to be contagious. "I was a musician for seven years," said Alison Wong, lacing up her skates one Sunday night at a rink outside L.A. "Now I'm a hockey player." Wong, a 23-year-old drummer, wore a knee-length sweater, jeans and a small gold ring in one nostril. "I'm one of those people who likes to have a ball, to get rowdy," she said, strutting off toward the ice. "Hockey grabbed me."

"When you get old," said Tom Knox, 53 and a CPA, "you do the things you would like to have done when you were younger."

This was the first practice of 1983. The shopping mall was closed, but the Ice Capades Chalet awaited the neophytes with a sheet of clean ice. "O.K., people," shouted Leon Chaput, the Los Angeles chief instructor. "*Spring* off there. *Spring* off there!"

Twenty-nine men and two women pushed off the boards into the unknown. A spring it was not. To be honest, some players were not total neophytes. About 10 had raised their hands timidly when Chaput asked who had played before, and most said they had been on skates at least twice, and all were hockey fans. One *non-skater, Mike Butler, 32, tottered* around the rink like a ham actor overextending a death scene, but then most of the others weren't exactly Wayne Gretzkys, either. Wong tripped when she tried to skate backward, and once Knox, who's 6′ 4″, crashed to the ice with such a resounding thump that Root, on the

continued

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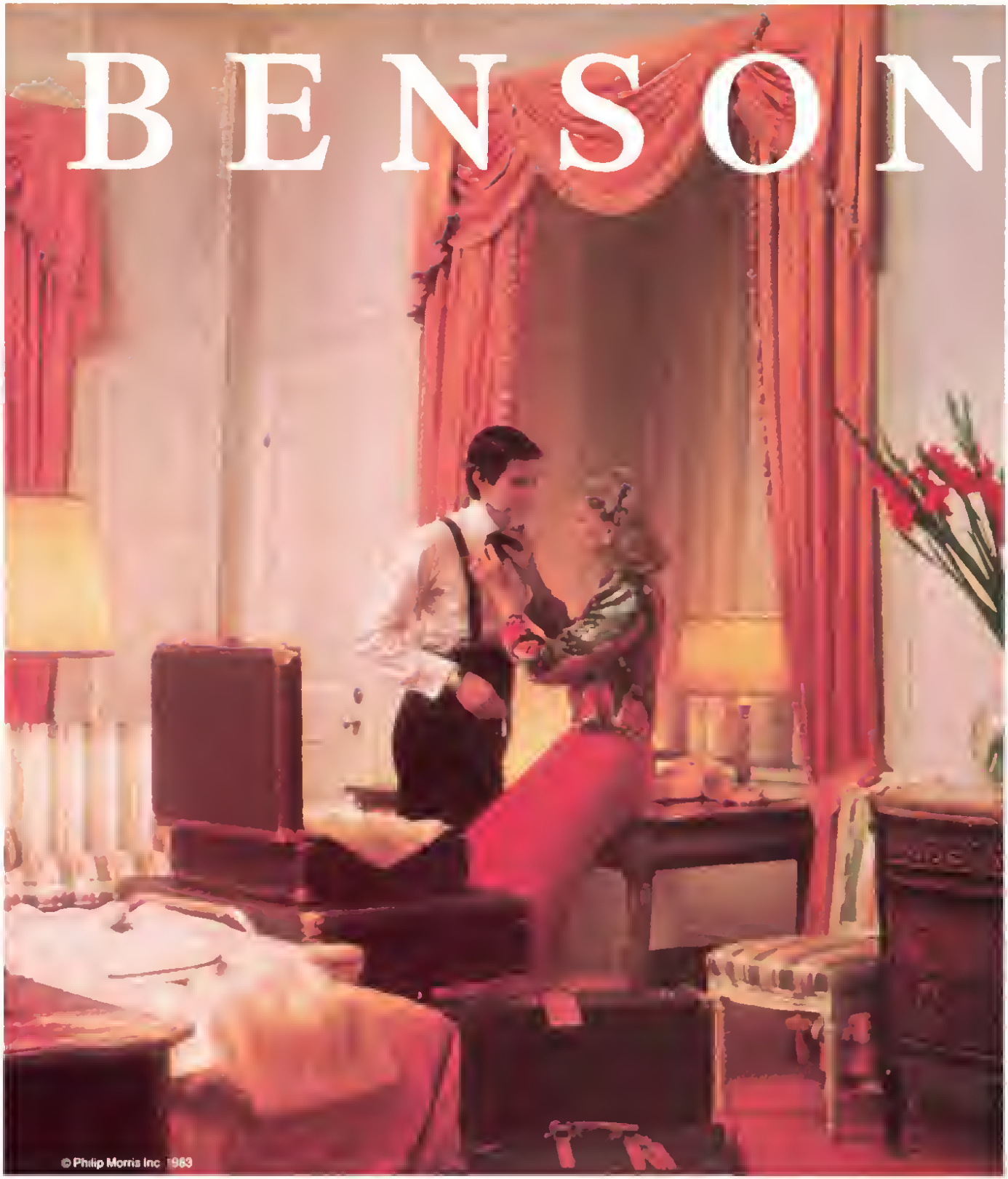

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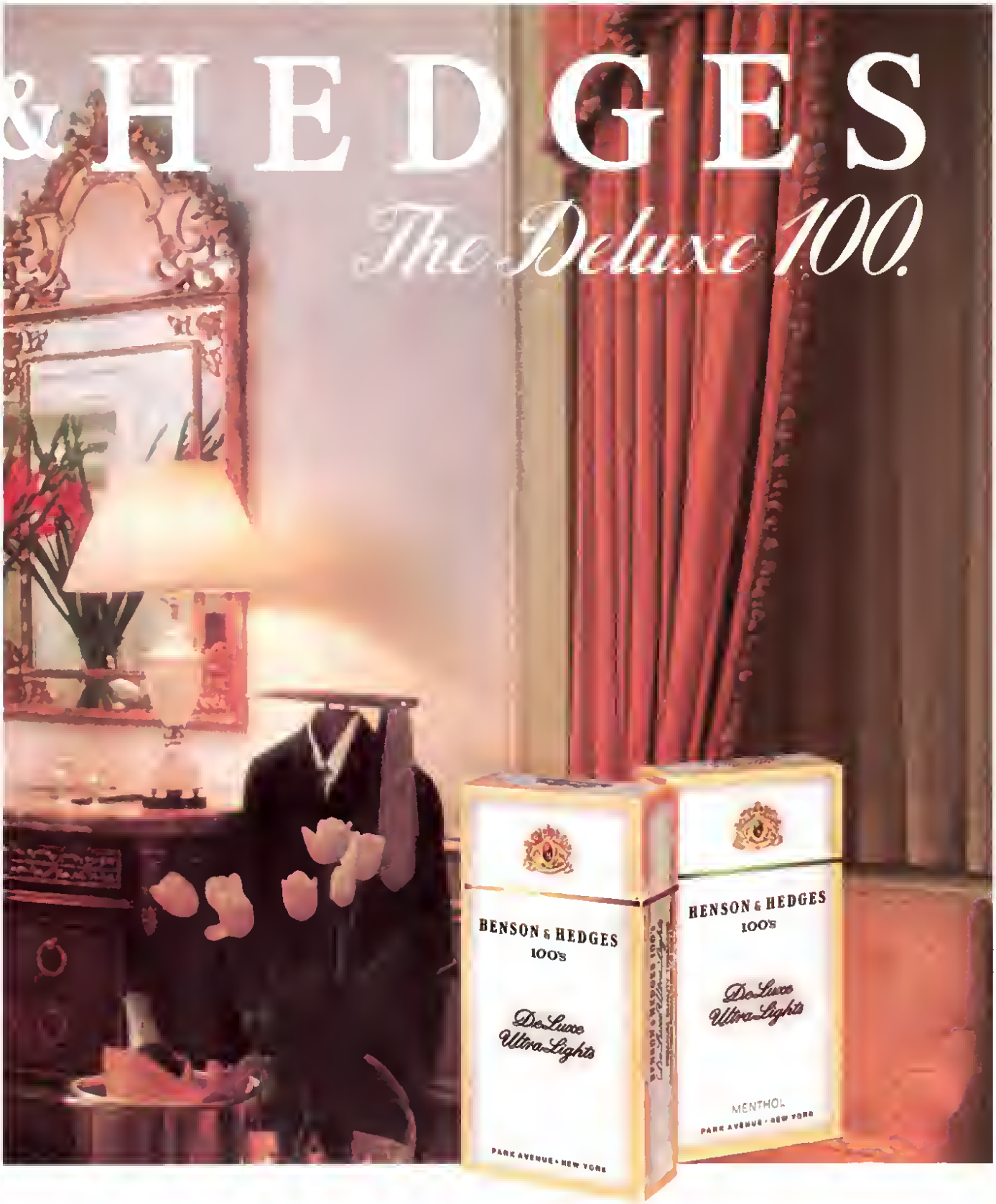

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sidelines, winced. Ironically, Root hurt his shoulder in the early days of the NNHL and has never played in a game.

Root stood beside the rink, shivering in the chilly air, conducting a final appraisal. "There, in the striped shirt," he said, his eyes narrowed. Striped Shirt was weaving in and out of traffic, puffed up by his comparative ability. Occasionally he even spun around and cruised along backward. Alas, in the NNHL, skill is the only deadly sin. "Too good," Root said, with righteous sorrow. "I hate to do it, but we'll have to drop him." Backward skating is, in fact, one major giveaway of skill; as soon as someone turns around on the ice that first day and maintains his footing he's a marked man.

By the time practice ended on the first day, the 31 new players had attempted several drills. None as yet had a uniform, so when they all put their hands against the boards to skate in place, it looked as if Chaput was a sadistic drill sergeant who told his motley platoon of inductees to push the rink to Van Nuys. "O.K., people," he shouted. "Let's see you under *control*."

Eight weeks later that demand seemed less fanciful. Knox, now a Yellowjacket, was as steadily graceful as a crane in flight; Wong, also a Yellowjacket, could turn and skate backward without appearing to trip over a low wire. Butler, a Los Angeles electrician who looks like a middle linebacker and who had been assigned to the Rockets, could stop—most of the time. They were all equipped and uniformed—Root doesn't let anyone out on the ice for games without a helmet and cage—and during warmups they fired pucks at the boards, making the rink sound like a panful of corn beginning to pop. They agitated for a scrimmage, which today's coach, Glenn Jaeger (coaches receive $12 a game), denied them. So they ran drills, hopping sticks, shooting on goal, stopping, turning, skating backward. Jaeger's voice echoed across the rink: "I want that head up when you shoot! I want you to feel that puck on your stick! Let's see a good stop. Let's see some snow fly!"

At the end of practice the players came slowly off the ice, worn out but reluctant to leave. Jaeger looked with satisfaction at their weary forms. "I want them to respect me in the morning," he said. Butler plunked himself down on a bench and grinned. "The first week it was all I could do to crawl into my car,"

continued

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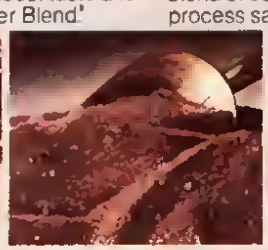

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he said. "But now I feel just great."

"They always look hopeless the first week," Root said. "Then, when they start playing, they look good. They always seem so surprised."

After they played a few games, though, the Yellowjackets were no longer startled by their new competence. With a record of 5–1–1, they were positively cocky. Late one Monday night, in the Pasadena Ice Capades rink, they enthusiastically demolished the Pasadena Scouts with fine passing and relentless shots. Lines charged in and out of the game every few minutes—in this league everyone plays—and, after a frustrating first period, the Yellowjackets put the Scouts away. The star of the game was center Perry Saliano, 23, who scored the first goal on a marvelous headlong breakaway that left the puck in the net and Saliano racked up against the boards. Knox, a defenseman now, glided among attacking Scouts, deftly removing them from the puck. Wong, playing defense, charged about on the ice, her dark curls streaming out from under her yellow helmet. Saliano watched with appreciation: "She's a toughie."

The Yellowjacket coach, Tony Silas, 52, a Hungarian refugee who is now a Los Angeles County Deputy Sheriff, paced around in a sheepskin coat and feathered cowboy hat offering words of inspiration: "Hey guys, the ice is tilted your way!" Late in the game everything started to seem uphill; at every whistle the players drifted toward the bench for relief, like salmon coming home. But with 1:39 left, there was a moment of sheer perfection for coach and athlete. With a massed battle going on to the far right of the Scouts' goal, Silas shouted to anyone, "Get in front of the net!" Chris Kern, 28, a computer salesman and left wing, heeded the call and arrived there just in time to take a pass from a teammate. He flicked the puck home as if he had been doing it all his life.

As the game ended, Saliano asked a teammate whether he'd be around for the "playoffs," in which the Yellowjackets would be competing for the championship and the mythical trophy some have nicknamed the Ashley Cup. The teammate nodded. "I thought you were going to Hawaii," Saliano said. The answer was unequivocal: "I got out of that."

During the game there were only two penalties, both for minor interference. (Referees, like coaches, get $12 a game.)

continued

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This lack of violence is intentional: In the NNHL there are no slap shots or body checks, and if you fight you're gone. As a result, the league has been virtually injury-free. Asked his secret of success, Root ticked off a solemn list. "We take the conduct issue extremely seriously. We have our financial act together most assuredly. We have color coordination."

All those items were part of an argument between two fans attending the NNHL's Los Angeles North-South All-Star game, played in the vast cavern of the Forum, home of the Los Angeles Kings. The Kings had just beaten the New Jersey Devils 3–0 and most of the fans had left. Two or three hundred remained, some enticed, perhaps, by the announcer's repeated exhortations during the NHL game to stay for "exciting coed hockey, coming right up."

The two gentlemen in question were clearly lifelong hockey fans.

"You mean they can't check?" said one, who wore a Kings cap.

"Yeah, but . . ."

"And you can't take slap shots? If you can't take slap shots it isn't hockey."

"Yeah, well . . ."

At the end of the second period—periods last only 15 minutes—the South was running away with the game, on the way to an eventual 7–2 victory. The man in the cap got up to leave. His friend lagged behind. He carried an NNHL brochure with him. Something about that odd, clumsy, happy game out there had caught him. "Yeah, but . . . they're having fun."

The brochure advertised the beginning of practice for more teams. The NNHL starts new sessions every couple of months, and down by the edge of the rink Root contemplated the upcoming round of ads, telephone calls, instruction sessions and games. He allowed himself a rare smile. "In two weeks," he said, "there will be 144 hockey players where there were none." **END**

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The big story, of course, is watching big league action on any of the wide range of Sony VideoScopes. There are one- and two-piece models, even rear-projection VideoScopes. The KP-5040 (50" measured diagonally) is a compact, single piece of furniture. It is fully cable-adaptable and comes with Express Commander™ wireless remote control.

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Shopwalk

by ARMEN KETEYIAN

THE HOT-SELLING BASAKWERD PUTTER HAS GIVEN GOLF A STRANGE NEW TWIST

There are an estimated 15 million golfers in the U.S. Some hardy souls are wedded to one putter. However, for the rest of us—who have a putter for every day of the week, who are mostly responsible for the sale of 17 million putters every year—the quest for the perfect club is unending. It's out there somewhere. We can see it in our dreams, knocking down 10-footers for par, helping us break 100, then 90, then . . .

We check our buddies' bags, the attic, garage sales. We'll try anything to save a stroke. Then one day, there it is. Perhaps it's on TV, or in a magazine. It's you. You have to have it. So what if it costs $65.

At the moment, the object of much affection among those involved in the great search is a putter selling for that amount called the Basakwerd. It's so named not because many of us putt that way, but because a desperate soul took a torch and a hammer and twisted the putting blade *toward* the player's feet. Thus the shaft is on the far side of the blade, away from the golfer.

"I'd tried everything on the practice green," says the Basakwerd's inventor, Jim Flood of San Diego, who also devised the graphite golf shaft back in 1972. "Accidentally, in May of 1982, I just turned the club around, and I started putting great."

Flood claims some scientific reasons why his putter produces. For instance, the club's center of gravity is five inches closer to the golfer because the blade is closer. Furthermore, this geometry reduces the torque on the ball by 60%, causing it to roll truer and farther. But the main reason that 27 pros have tried it on tour is that the Basakwerd's design forces a more pendulum-like stroke that helps putts hold their line and all but eliminates the dreaded "pushed" putt.

Two golf notables, Gene Littler and Johnny Miller, were the first touring pros to praise the putter. Both used it during early 1983 tournaments in Los Angeles, Pebble Beach and Phoenix. Littler says, "I stopped laughing after I tried it." Flood says the other PGA pros, for the most part struggling players no less desperate than the rest of us to find the perfect putter, intend to use it exclusively once they become "mentally comfortable" with the design. What may be even more significant is that Tom Watson, Gary Player, Jack Nicklaus, Raymond Floyd and Craig Stadler have been impressed enough with the club to use it during practice.

And if it's good enough for the pros, it's good enough for us duffers. Most pro shops are now back-ordered on the Basakwerd. Says Flood, "We originally estimated first-year orders would be about 25,000. We doubled that after the Phoenix Open in January. Now we have orders for 200,000. The last three months, we've been working three shifts a day to produce them."

Nothing backward about that. **END**

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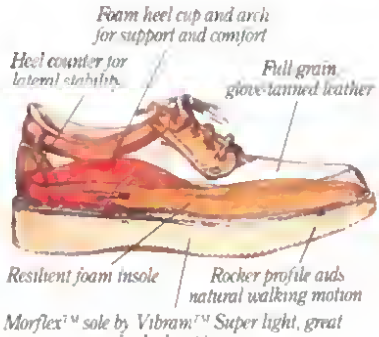

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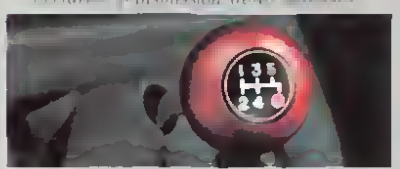

38 EST HWY MPG | 27 EST MPG

EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be lower. 36 Est. hwy. mpg, 26 Est. mpg. *Manufacturer's suggested retail price for B2000 Sport Shortbed. Actual price set by dealer. Taxes, license, freight, options (AM/FM MPX radio shown) and other dealer charges extra. Price may change without notice. Comparisons based on available competitive information. Specifications may change without notice as may availability of vehicles with specific features.

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THE COLT-BRONCO HORSE TRADE

Just look at the fuss this fellow John Elway has caused. Selected by the Colts as the first pick in the NFL draft despite his vow that he'd sign with the New York Yankees rather than play football in Baltimore, Elway last week won his bluff—if that's what it was—when the Colts traded him to the Denver Broncos, a team more to his liking. En route to his happy landing in the Rockies, these things had already happened on his account.

• In hopes of keeping Elway from casting his lot with either the Yankees or, worse, the USFL, Commissioner Pete Rozelle, ordinarily a non-interventionist in such matters, took the unusual step of saying that if the parties desired, he'd help "in any way I can" to arrange a trade between the Colts and an NFL team interested in Elway.

• Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner and Rozelle's courtroom nemesis, threatened to bring yet another lawsuit against the NFL, this one alleging that before the draft Rozelle had vindictively sabotaged a three-way deal with the Bears and Colts that would have brought Elway to the Raiders.

• Rozelle said Davis was driven by "calculated paranoia." Bears General Manager Jim Finks called Davis "absolutely crazy." According to Davis, it was Finks who, at Rozelle's behest, scuttled the deal that had Elway ticketed for the Raiders.

• Colts owner Bob Irsay stunned the football world by making the Elway trade, one of the biggest in NFL history, over the heads of his own GM, Ernie Accorsi, and coach, Frank Kush, both of whom learned about the consummation of the deal from the media.

The commotion was heightened by the widely voiced assertion that Irsay had been taken to the cleaners by the Broncos. The fact is, given the Colts' alternatives, the deal may not have been as bad as Irsay's detractors made it seem. In return for Elway the Broncos gave the Colts their rights to Northwestern Tackle Chris Hinton, the fourth overall pick in the draft; to backup Quarterback Mark Herrmann; and to their first-round pick in 1984. The Broncos also agreed to play exhibition games in '84 and '85 in Denver with the Colts, who have drawn poorly during the preseason.

Herrmann is admittedly of dubious value, but the same can't be said of Hinton, a prospect considered by many scouts to be of future All-Pro caliber. Critics contend that the Colts had rejected better deals with the Raiders, Patriots and Chargers before the draft, but while each of these teams offered combinations of present and future first-round choices, none of the choices would have yielded a player of Hinton's promise; the highest proffered pick in any of the three deals was this year's 15th overall choice from the Patriots.

It was also argued that Elway really was bluffing about not playing in Baltimore and eventually would have signed with the Colts if Irsay hadn't panicked. This line of thinking was fueled by revelations after the Bronco trade was announced that Elway preferred the NFL over baseball all along, that he wasn't the can't-miss baseball prospect he'd been cracked up to be and that, contrary to what the public had been led to believe, the Yankees had never made him an offer. It's likely that the Colts knew or at least suspected much of this, and there was a report last week that Elway and his father, Jack, the San Jose State coach, had themselves panicked and had gotten in touch with the Colts about Elway's joining the team after all. But it's also known that the senior Elway disapproves of Kush's coaching methods and didn't want his son to play for so feeble a team as the Colts. In other words, if Irsay hadn't made the swap with the Broncos, there was always the chance that Elway still would have gone with the Yankees, in which case he could have come to the NFL after two years as an immensely marketable free agent.

One way the Colts could yet come up empty is if Hinton refuses to sign with them. After drafting Hinton, the Broncos had brought him to Denver, showed him the city and decked him out in cowboy boots. The subsequent trade to the Colts distressed Hinton's agent, Dick Lynn, who grumbled, "He's gone from cowboy boots to lobster and crab cakes in one week." Although Hinton indicated he'd probably sign with the Colts, he was also talking to the Chicago Blitz in the USFL and making sly comments calculated to send here-we-go-again tremors through the Colt organization. In a nicely satirical reference to Elway's bargaining tactics, Hinton told one TV interviewer, "I don't have to play for the Colts. I can play in the USFL, and I have another option—I'm an amateur tennis player."

RUSSIAN ROULETTE CHESS-STYLE

To the list of such classic chess maneuvers as the Queen's Gambit Declined, the English Opening and the Sicilian Defense, you may now add the Austrian Roulette Spin. This hitherto unknown move was used to determine the outcome of a World Chess Championship quarter-

final candidates' match last month, in the Austrian casino resort town of Velden, between former world champion Vasily Smyslov of the Soviet Union and West German grandmaster Robert Hübner. After 14 games Smyslov and Hübner were deadlocked, and in accordance with procedures mandated under such circumstances by FIDE, the international chess federation, officials called for the match to be decided by lot. The FIDE rules don't say how this is to work, but the most common practice has been to seal the lots in envelopes.

But not this time. Quick to see a promotional opportunity in the situation, the director of the Velden casino, Hermogen Sanderman, suggested it would be a good idea to "draw" the winning lot by

continued

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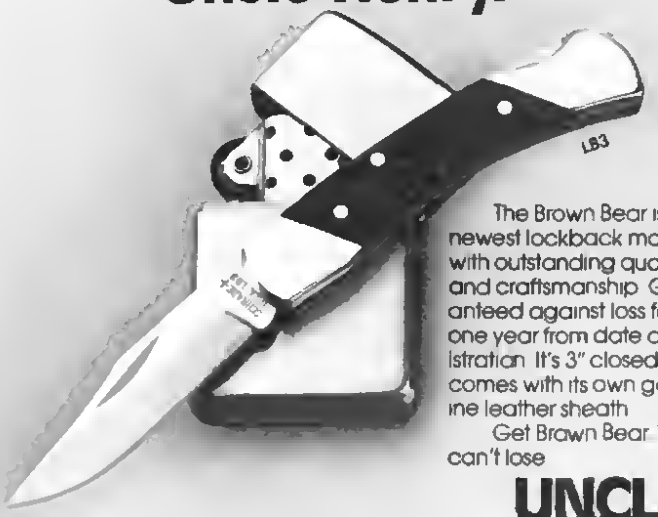

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means of a single spin of a roulette wheel. Tournament officials agreed, and a courier was dispatched from Vienna to bring in a gold ball ordinarily reserved for casino openings and other special occasions. In deference to the prominence of the colors in their respective national flags, Smyslov took red and Hübner black. The stage was thus set for a unique ending to a major chess match.

A crowd of chess enthusiasts looked on expectantly as the wheel was spun. The tension grew when the gold ball stopped neither on red nor black but on the green "zero," an inconclusive result that prompted murmurs to the effect that the match was simply meant to end in a draw. But on the second spin, the ball came to rest on 3, a red number. Smyslov appeared pleased, and his wife sobbed in relief at his good fortune in moving on to the semifinals. Hübner wasn't present, having returned to Cologne because of illness in the family, but a friend allowed that the hapless loser would have preferred "a decision on the chessboard" rather than one reached by the luck of the spin.

DR. REDUNDANT

On May 26 Temple University will confer an honorary doctor of arts degree on Julius Erving. Then you'll have to refer to him as Dr. Dr. J.

POSTEARTHQUAKE AVALANCHE

The earthquake that devastated Coalinga, Calif. last week was only the latest of many blows inflicted on the baseball team of local West Hills Community College. The Falcons had lost 26 straight games and were trailing 7–4 in the seventh inning of a home game against Kings River C.C. of nearby Reedley when the quake hit. Umpire Larry DeCarlo gave the *Los Angeles Times* this account of what happened next:

"It was a real sharp jolt. You couldn't even walk. Our first concern was to get the players out of the dugouts and onto the field. But they couldn't even stand up at first. The backstop began to sway, and I thought for sure it was going to fall down. I looked over and saw the Kings River bus bouncing. It actually came off the ground."

To get away from backstops and other objects that could topple on them, the players and coaches gathered around sec-

continued

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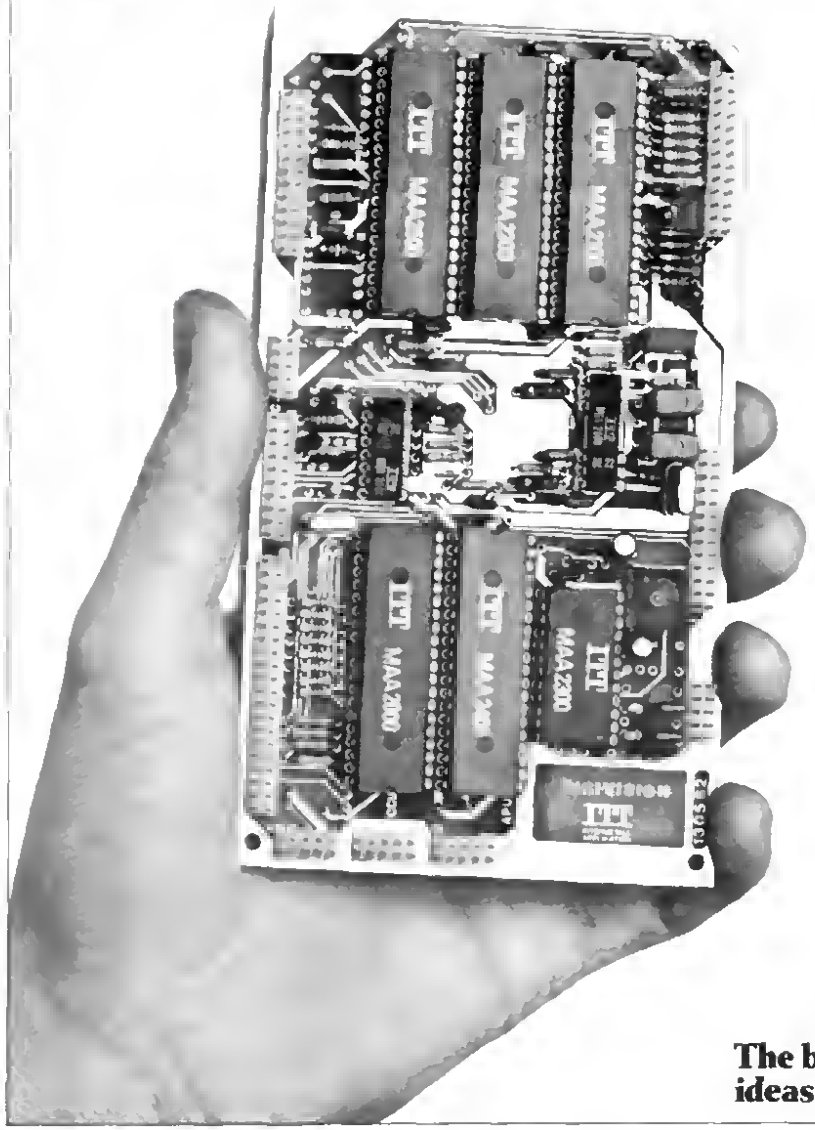

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

ond base, from which vantage point, said Kings River Coach Jack Hacker, they could see the mound bizarrely "disappear and reappear." After the tremors subsided, DeCarlo and fellow Ump Denny Pacini waited 15 minutes to satisfy themselves that the immediate danger had passed and then coolly ordered the game to resume. Given West Hills' all-losing record, it wasn't surprising that the earthquake was followed by a 15-run avalanche as Kings River romped 22–4.

REMATCHES AND DTHER MACHINATIDNS

By controlling rankings and the sanctioning of title fights, the WBA and the WBC hold a firm, if shared, grip on boxing. By controlling many of the best fighters, promoter Bob Arum and his chief rival, Don King, are able to apply leverage of their own. The machinations of the WBA-WBC-Arum-King axis take different forms. For example, Arum claims in an interview in the May issue of *The Rmg* that to get "anything you want done in the WBA," it's necessary to "pay off" Pepe Cordero, a Puerto Rican promoter whom Arum describes as the "bagman" for the WBA. In testimony last week at a congressional subcommittee hearing on a bill to create a federal boxing commission, Arum repeated the charge, claiming he had to pay "tribute" to Cordero to get opponents for Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini, whose fights Arum promotes. For his part, Cordero denied these accusations in an interview with SI's San Juan correspondent, Connie Lepore, and called Arum "an ass, a liar and a rat," adding, "and he's jealous because the WBA doesn't let him do what he wants."

Whatever the truth of Arum's allegations about having to pay off the WBA, it should be noted that top promoters like King and he are in a position to exact tribute from the WBA and WBC in return. A case in point is the difficulty three-time world champion Alexis Arguello has had in getting WBA sanctioning of an envisioned rematch this summer with junior welterweight champion Aaron Pryor, who stopped Arguello in the 14th round last November. The WBA has ruled that Arguello must have a tune-up with a ranked contender before it will sanction a rematch. Considering the frightening ending to Arguello's first bout with Pryor—he lay on the canvas for four minutes after the fight—it isn't out of line to suggest that he work his way up to a rematch. But the only reason the WBA is able to order that he do so is that Arguello, strangely enough, is unranked by that organization.

That's only part of the curious situation. Acceding to the WBA demand for a tune-up, Arguello has arranged a fight in June with ninth-ranked WBA contender Akio Kameda of Japan, but only after coming under pressure from the WBA to fight instead 10th-ranked Miguel Montilla, a boxer from the Dominican Republic under the control of the ubiquitous Cordero, who has co-promoted fights with Don King. Dan Duva, the promoter for Arguello's recent fights as well as the hoped-for rematch with Pryor, said he was told in late March by Rafito Cedeño, a Venezuelan promoter with close ties to both Cordero and the WBA, that a Pryor rematch would be sanctioned only if Montilla were to receive a staggering $150,000 as his purse in an Arguello fight and only if King were co-promoter of both that fight and the subsequent title go with Pryor.

The implication is that Cedeño and the WBA were trying to help Cordero and King horn in on a couple of big promotions and to create a bloated payday for Montilla. A spokesman for King disclaimed knowledge of any such maneuverings, and Cedeño challenged one of Duva's allegations, saying he hadn't discussed the size of Montilla's purse with Duva. What lends credence to Duva's assertions, however, is the acknowledgement by Cedeño and other sources close to the WBA that the organization did indeed try strongly to push Montilla on Duva. Nor does the matter end there. Duva says that Cordero still has visions of an Arguello-Montilla fight and is now using his influence to try to persuade Kameda to back out of fighting Arguello.

Not to be outdone by the WBA in throwing its sanctioning weight around, the WBC has refused to approve Bobby Chacon's planned defense of his junior lightweight title on May 15 against Cornelius Boza-Edwards of Uganda, even though the latter is the top-rated WBC contender. Instead, the WBC wants Chacon to fight Hector (Macho) Camacho, who's ranked lower than Boza-Edwards. Why the leapfrogging of Boza-Edwards? It appears that Chacon, besides having a contract with Boza-Edwards, also has one for his next three title defenses with Don King, the man who's trying to put together the Camacho fight; King has Camacho tied up, too. Chacon's contractual entanglement is now in the courts, but WBC President José Sulaimán supports his friend King on the grounds that King promoted the bout last December in which Chacon won the title against Rafael Limón and that WBC rules entitle a promoter of a championship fight to an option on the successful challenger's first defense. "The rules must be respected," says Sulaimán. The trouble with this argument is that the rule in question is a bad one, because it unnecessarily rewards the promoter—a favored one of the WBC in this case—to the detriment of the sport, and also creates a situation in which the WBC's own ratings are thrown out the window. Of course, that rule is hardly the only thing bad in boxing at the moment.

SADDEST HEADLINE DF THE YEAR

TAILBACK HEADS LIST OF PRIORITIES AS DOGS OPEN SPRING TRAINING

—Over a recent story in the University of Georgia Athletic Association's magazine.

BEYOND HIS EXPERTISE

Buddy Hackett, the comedian, told a story on *The Tonight Show* last week about a friend of his who lost his shirt betting on NFL games. After the Super Bowl the fellow's bookie suggested that he switch his action to hockey. But Hackett's friend would have none of it. "What do I know about hockey?" he asked.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Valvano, North Carolina State basketball coach, on his unsuccessful attempt while at Iona to recruit Rodney McCray, who wound up starring at Louisville: "I knew I was in trouble when I took Rodney to our school cafeteria for lunch and he ordered a mint julep."

• Tom Moore, The Citadel's new football coach, promising to give the Bulldogs a pass-oriented offense: "Our running game's going to consist of running on the field and running off the field."

• Pete Rose, balking at Philly Manager Pat Corrales' decision to rest him by keeping him out of the starting lineup for a game against the Astros: "So what do I do now? How do I rest? Do I sit on the bench? Do I stand? I wish somebody could tell me how to rest." **END**

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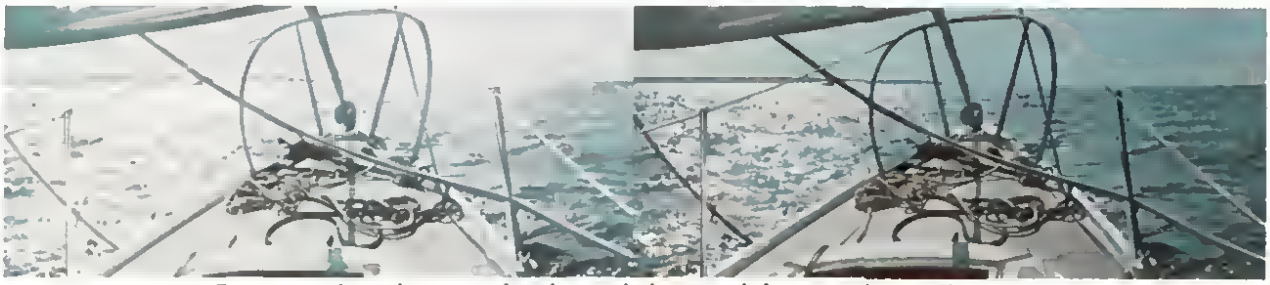

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Sports Illustrated
MAY 16, 1983

The Grand Gamble Paid Off

Trainer David Cross bet the stable that Sunny's Halo would win the Kentucky Derby. And he did

by WILLIAM NACK

In the rush of victory, while living out the sweetest moment of his professional life, the culmination of his dreams, David Cross Jr. had a vivid remembrance of things past that took him back more than 25 years. "It's just something that enters your mind at a moment when you're on a high," said Cross. "You think of something that happened years before in your life. It's funny what things go through your mind."

And when. It was only minutes after Cross, a 48-year-old trainer who's a veteran of large and small circuits from Suffolk Downs in Massachusetts to Turf Paradise in Arizona, saw his Sunny's Halo win the 109th running of the Kentucky Derby last Saturday. No man had gambled more on this Derby than Cross—he had staked almost everything he had on bringing this horse to this race. Following the ceremony in the winner's circle, Cross started back for the clubhouse, crossing the racetrack

"All of a sudden, as I crossed the track, it struck me,"

continued

The Downs was drenched, but the Derby was Sunny's as he hit the photo-finish light.

8
8

he said, standing in front of Sunny's Halo's stall two hours after the race. "It was the winter of 1957-58. I was at Turf Paradise, sitting on a bale of hay on Christmas Day and talking to myself and eating carrots—a punk-assed kid with three broken-down horses. If I hadn't been intimate with the feed woman, I wouldn't have had the carrots."

There was a brief pause. Sunny's Halo's groom, John Sears Jr., slipped past and flicked off the light in the colt's stall. The hour was growing late, and the party at the barn was nearly over. The leggy young chestnut with the white face stepped to the back of his stall, dissolving in the darkness.

Cross smiled, thinking. "I'll tell you what I did," he said. "I looked at those three horses, all sore. One sucker is layin' there upside down. Another one has his leg stuck out underneath the webbing of the stall. The other is standing in a tub of ice. I thought to myself, 'Jesus, three months ago I had all the money in the world! I was doing good. And here I am.' You know—chicken one day, feathers the next. I couldn't even go out and knock some s o b up side of the head and rob him, because you couldn't get enough for a Christmas dinner that way. And Christmas dinners were only $1.75 then. You could turn the whole barn area upside down and not get $1.75.

"At least I had carrots. I been hungry many a time. Yeah, I sure have a beautiful memory today, tell you that. It was a bonus even getting here to the Derby. It wasn't like coming in with a piece of garbage or something. I came in here with a legitimate horse. Then seeing him become one of the favored horses. This is a wonderful day, believe me."

This Kentucky Derby, more than any other in recent memory, belonged to one man, to Cross, who a) bought Sunny's Halo's dam, Mostly Sunny, for owner David Foster out of a sale for $3,900; b) trained her, raced her and finally retired her to stud, c) suggested breeding her to Halo, a beautifully bred son of Hail to Reason, which mating produced Sunny's Halo; d) conditioned the offspring from the fall of his yearling year, in 1981, through the Derby; e) had all but given up a stable of 30 other horses to focus his energy on Sunny's Halo, gambling his career on this one horse, f) followed a course to the Derby that defied conventional wisdom in two important particulars, which would have opened him up to sharp criticism had he failed.

Cross has known little but racetracks all his life. In fact, he was born at one, old Willows Park in Victoria, British Columbia, to a family involved in the game. Over the years, he groomed and walked horses, worked as a jockey's valet and even rode briefly, if badly. "I always wanted to ride in the Kentucky Derby," he says, "but I was such a bad jockey, that never came about." In 1957, the year he had carrots for Christmas, Cross turned to training and knocked about here and there, hitting the tracks with mostly cheap horses.

He started training for Foster, the president and senior partner of Durham Securities Corporation, a stockbrokerage in Toronto, 14 years ago. One of the first good things they did together was buy a daughter of Sunny, a well-bred son of the extraordinary American stallion, Princequillo, at a sale of yearling culls in 1972. Foster called her Mostly Sunny. She won six races and $30,162, running mostly in claimers, but Cross still speaks of her with reverence.

"She was the sorest, gamest thing I'd ever seen in my life," he says. "You name it, she had it. Knees, ankles. She was a cripple. Not worth nothing. Maybe $10,000, $12,000. She'd run a race and be so sore she'd lie down for three days. But a game hussy." Which is why, when Mostly Sunny could no longer go on, Cross suggested to Foster that he breed her. Today she makes up Foster's broodmare band of one. "That's it," Foster says. "My breeding establishment."

At Cross's suggestion, they eventually sent Mostly Sunny to Halo, a good grass-

A herd of horses—(from left) Caveat, Marfa, Slew O' Gold, Desert Wine, Play Fellow—vainly chased Sunny's Halo to the finish line.

Cross, who devoted 14 months to Sunny's Halo, appeared calm on Saturday morning.

running distance horse of a few years ago. "Queen Elizabeth sent a mare to him that year, too," Foster says. "If he was good enough for her, he was good enough for us." So, in February of 1980 Mostly Sunny foaled the chestnut with the high, bold-going action in front. Cross liked Sunny's Halo right off and last spring decided to devote all his time to him. After spending years hacking about with claimers, he thought this was the colt he had been waiting for. Like mother, like son. "I liked his determination, his will, his desire," Cross says.

And his way of moving, the way he carried himself and his ability to run, Sunny's Halo broke his maiden in his first start at Woodbine in Canada, winning by a head. He finished second in two stakes and then crushed nine other babies in the Colin Stakes, winning by 10. Emboldened, Cross hit the road for New York, where his horse finished third last July in the Tremont Stakes at Belmont Park, and then to the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga, where Sunny's Halo wrenched an ankle, ending up fifth, beaten by 7½. In treating the ankle, Cross paid too little mind to small stress fractures on the colt's left shin, a common sort of injury among 2-year-olds.

"They flat got away from me," he says. "It was my own fault." Not that they stopped Sunny's Halo from whipping the colts back in Canada. He wore gauze bandages painted with latex for support and flexibility and crushed the best 2-year-olds in Canada in three stakes at Woodbine—the Swynford by 7¼, the Grey by 6½ and the Coronation Futurity by 7½. "He beat nothing in Canada," Cross says. "Absolutely nothing."

Despite Sunny's Halo's sore leg, and with earnings for the year already at $235,829, Cross shipped the colt across the border again. He promptly got buried twice. In the Laurel Futurity on Oct. 23, he finished ninth, beaten 16 lengths, and 12 days later took a bath in the Young America at The Meadowlands, finishing sixth. Why did Cross run a sore horse in either spot? "The greed got to me," he says. "We've all got it."

Cross got over it in time. He shipped the colt to California last winter, for R & R, and that's where he began serious therapy to undo whatever damage had been done. To take pressure off the sore shin but keep the colt working, he alternately exercised Sunny's Halo in the swimming pool at Hollywood Park and galloped him on the course's half-mile training track. Although California was cursed with bad winter weather, from his arrival at Hollywood on Jan. 7 Sunny's Halo never missed a day of work.

"Everything was beautiful there," says Cross. "Swim three or four days, gallop a couple of days, swim three or four more, gallop a couple more. You can't swim him every day because you're building muscle you don't use racing."

All the while Cross was aiming for the Kentucky Derby, sort of swimming Sunny's Halo up to it. It was always orthodoxy be damned. The stress fractures were almost healed in January, Cross says, and by March, he figured, they had healed completely. It was time now for him to make a move. On March 18 he shipped Sunny's Halo to Arkansas, with two races leading to Kentucky in mind—the Rebel Handicap at a mile and 70 yards on March 26 and the 1⅛-mile Arkansas Derby three weeks later.

Delahoussaye flashed the victory sign after winning his second consecutive Derby.

Cross ignored prevailing wisdom on two counts. No horse had ever won the Derby after traveling through Arkansas, and none in recent memory had won it off only two prep races. "I went to Arkansas because I love Arkansas," Cross says. "Oaklawn Park's a good, deep, soft racetrack—a nice, safe racetrack. I did it for the horse. I knew he was fit when he came out of California. I've gotten criticized here because all these trainers have

continued

run all over the place to get money to qualify to run here, and I had just two stakes in Arkansas. But that was my plan since January."

Sunny's Halo won the Rebel by three. "Like taking candy from a kid," Cross says. In the Arkansas Derby, Jockey Eddie Delahoussaye raced to the front and hit the cruise control. While the colt never completely relaxed, he won by four in racehorse time. It was on to Churchill Downs. Sunny's Halo worked splendidly for the Derby, and in the week before the race he looked the part of a favorite. He shone like a new shoe, but he moved without a squeak—a tall, powerful animal whose every move seemed against the bit.

Sunny's Halo had become Cross's grand passion. By Derby week, the colt was one of only three horses remaining in Cross's care. The second was a $20,000 claimer, the third an unraced 2-year-old.

The stakes were the highest that Cross had ever played for. Foster had promised him 10% of Sunny's Halo—not just 10% of his earnings on the track, a trainer's standard fee, but also on his sale as a breeding stallion. No victory has a greater impact on the value of a stallion than the Kentucky Derby.

This arrangement, like all others between the two men, was sealed by a handshake. "He'll wind up with 10% of anything I've got," Foster says. "I've committed myself. We have nothing in writing, but he's safe. I know a lot of people have changed their minds when they've seen big money, but I wouldn't do that to him."

"Sure it's a gamble," Cross said on the morning of Derby Day. "But life's a gamble. How can I ask for anything better? I can't stay away from a horse like this. I've got to devote all my time, everything, to him. What else can you do? You just don't leave something like this alone. The longest I've been away from him in 14 months is four days. I'm at the point now where, if something happened to him, I would have to start back over again. I've put all my eggs in one basket."

Twenty horses, the maximum allowable in the Derby, came to the post, and the crowd of 134,444 sent off the three-horse entry of Marfa, Total Departure and Balboa Native as the $2.40-$1 favorite, with Sunny's Halo second choice at $2.50-$1. It had been sunny most of the day, but a downpour struck as the Derby horses were walking from the stable to the paddock, leaving the course sloppy but fast. Cross's only concern was whether Delahoussaye could get his colt to relax, whether Sunny's Halo was too sharp.

He wasn't. Total Departure raced to the lead out of the gate, with Sunny's Halo lapped on him through the stretch the first time and into the clubhouse turn. Desert Wine and Chris McCarron raced next to Sunny's Halo. Delahoussaye sat still around the turn and into the backstretch. "My colt relaxed so good around the turn, I thought, 'I'm on my way,' " Delahoussaye said later. "He was a little more relaxed today than he was in the Arkansas Derby."

And he wasn't hard-pressed early. The clocking for the opening quarter was 23⅘ seconds, moderate time; the half-mile was 47⅕, picking up the pace. Down the backside, Sunny's Halo passed Total Departure, who would fade to finish dead last. Desert Wine stalked Sunny's Halo toward the bend. Going around it, Desert Wine moved to within a head-bobbing nose of him, and then took a short lead.

In the Oaks, Princess Rooney pulled away from Rosy Spectre, who ended up fourth.

THE PRINCESS AGAIN; SHE'S NOW 10 FOR 10

About an hour before Princess Rooney was to run in last Friday's $180,700 Kentucky Oaks for 3-year-old fillies at Churchill Downs, trainer Frank Gomez felt a tug on his sleeve as a friend whispered into his ear, "Somebody has bet $170,000 to show on your horse."

Two things quickly went through Gomez' sharp mind: 1) If Princess Rooney doesn't finish at least third, somebody will dig a hole and put me in it, and 2) If the guy that bet the $170,000 *on her knew what I know* he wouldn't have put down a nickel.

Happily for Gomez, Princess Rooney won the 1⅛-mile Oaks by 1¼ lengths, before a race-record crowd of 54,601, and stretched her unbeaten string to 10, a remarkable streak. The bettor who put down the $170,000 collected a profit of $17,000 from the Oaks—as well as a few *uncomfortable moments*. The filly stumbled twice, at the ⅜ths pole and the quarter pole, and drew from the *Daily Racing Form*'s chartcaller the remark, "Princess Rooney, racing in uncharacteristic uneven fashion . . ." Bright Crocus and Bemissed

Neither rider had asked for reserves. "I said to myself, 'I know I have a horse left,' " Delahoussaye said. "I don't want to try him yet. I knew I had a lot left."

He had enough. The two colts turned for home at each other's throat. The bulky field and the moderate fractions weren't working for the stretch-runners—Marfa, Caveat, Play Fellow and Slew O' Gold—but the two front-runners made it a horse race through the stretch to the eighth pole. There Delahoussaye went to the whip and Sunny's Halo dug in, edging away from a game Desert Wine. He drew off in the last 200 yards to win by two, finishing the mile-and-a-quarter in 2:02⅕, respectable time. Caveat, the Derby Trial winner, passed wet sails to finish third.

"Ain't nothing to it," Delahoussaye said. It was his second straight Kentucky Derby victory—he was up last year on Gato Del Sol—making him the first rider since Ron Turcotte (Riva Ridge, 1972 and Secretariat, 1973) to win two in a row. "Now I know how Ronnie felt," he said. "I'm in good company."

Good things come in bunches, and Cross's wife, Patty, is one of the bunch. Two days before the Rebel Handicap, she bet $200 to win on Sunny's Halo in the Kentucky Derby in the Las Vegas winter book at 100 to 1, giving her a $20,200 payday of her own. "She's got to go to Las Vegas to collect it, so she probably won't have it when she gets back," said David.

But it was David Cross who had staked his livelihood. "Hooray for California, Canada and Arkansas!" he said. And here's to carrots at Christmastime.

In the face of the sudden showers, these fans bagged themselves, rather than the Derby.

both looked as if they might catch the Princess in the streteh, but in the final 20 yards she got about her business and appeared to be drawing off. "It was the worst race of her life," Gomez said later, "but I have a feeling that if they didn't beat her today, they'll probably not beat her this year."

Princess Rooney's Oaks win baffled some observers because she has set such high standards for herself that she's expected to gallop off with every race she enters by the length of the stretch. The ultimate sign of excellence in a racehorse, however, is to win when things go wrong. "I knew we might be in for trouble," said Gomez, "because she hated the hard track at Churchill Downs from the moment she first set foot on it in late April. She didn't work good over the track, and in the Oaks she didn't run well. Wait a minute! I should have said, 'She didn't run well for Princess Rooney.' The horses in the Oaks had their chance. They tried to run with her from the start, and then they tried to catch her from behind. But they couldn't do it."

One of those who tried was sixth-place finisher Brindy Brindy, who attempted to outrun the Princess in the early going. Brindy Brindy was the winner of the $281,800 Fantasy Stakes at Oaklawn Park in early April, a top filly race. After the Oaks, Brindy Brindy's trainer, Jack Van Berg, said, "Princess Rooney is a super horse. People who thought they could outrun her must have been drinking. And I must have been one of them."

For weeks—even months—before the Oaks there had been speculation as to whether the Princess would run with the fillies on Friday or in Saturday's Kentucky Derby against the colts. She was nominated to both races, and many racing people thought that, considering the confused 3-year-old picture, Princess Rooney might even be the best bet for the big race. There's a goodly amount of pixie in Gomez, and on Thursday morning, the day entries closed for the Derby, he walked into the racing secretary's office only minutes before closing time. "Just to shake some folks up," he said. "They thought I was going to put her in. A few trainers' chins went down on their chests."

Actually Gomez had nominated his filly to the Derby more as a favor to Churchill Downs—for publicity purposes—than anything else. "I'd never do that again," he says now. "Every day it seemed I'd get asked a hundred times about running Princess Rooney against colts in the Derby."

There was a basis for thinking she might do well against the boys. In her only start against colts—an allowance race at Gulfstream Park—Princess Rooney had defeated Morganmorganmorgan, a horse not nominated to the Kentucky Derby. After losing to Princess Rooney, Morganmorganmorgan won the Tampa Bay Derby by defeating Slew O' Gold, who ran a fine fourth in the Kentucky Derby, beaten by only three lengths.

But Gomez had a strong reason for running the Princess on Friday. "Thirty-two fillies have run in the Derby," he said, "and only Regret [1915] and Genuine Risk [1980] have won. Those are long odds. Somewhere down the road I *might* run her against colts, but for now she will run against fillies. Let me spell that: F-I-L-L-I-E-S." Nobody can say how the Princess would have fared in the Derby, but if she'd run in the same manner she did in the Oaks, she would have been in trouble. "I truly believe, though," Gomez says, "that from here on she'll improve. I don't think she has run her best race yet."

On Monday, Princess Rooney left Kentucky for Belmont Park, a track she likes very much, and her next three races: the Acorn (May 28), the Mother Goose (June 18) and the Coaching Club American Oaks (July 9). "Her object all along has been those races in New York [the Triple Crown for fillies], and I've got some work to do on her," says Gomez. "There's something going on in her head that I have to figure out. We'll work with that and clear it up. In their own way, all great women are mysterious."

—William Leggett

He's Managing Quite Well, Thank You

Joe Altobelli, Earl Weaver's successor, has the Orioles off to a flying start and is even getting along with Jim Palmer **by JEFF WHEELWRIGHT**

The most obvious difference is right there in the standings. Under Earl Weaver the Baltimore Orioles were as well known for their stumbling starts as their fast finishes. But at the end of last week, Weaver's successor as Baltimore's manager, Joe Altobelli, had the Orioles just a half game off the lead in the American League East with a 15–11 record. If they continue to win, Altobelli may recede so far into the background that he will appear to disappear. And that would prove to be the biggest difference of all.

Unlike Weaver, Altobelli would like to convey the impression that the club runs itself: a ship with a confident and veteran crew guided by an invisible, almost unnecessary helmsman. Snacking at his desk after a win, Altobelli has the faintly sheepish air of a man who's sitting there only until the manager returns. As he talks about the game, you find your gaze resting on the broad expanse just above his black eyebrows, between his sleepy, hooded eyes. Joe, say it ain't so—there *is* something going on in there.

What's going on is a determination to resist every possible comparison with his predecessor, except perhaps that both are winners. Weaver is a short, noisy man who cast a long, noisy shadow, while Altobelli is a 6-foot-tall, slyly easygoing fellow trying to cast no shadow at all. On a banquet dais a few weeks after being hired, Altobelli pushed his chair back to let Weaver get by—and tumbled, chair and all, through a curtain onto the floor five feet below. Talk about deference. Altobelli, who was unhurt, later said that his first thought was to lie there and sue 'em but that he solved the problem at the next few dinners by chaining himself to the table.

Throughout spring training and during the Orioles' early road trips, Altobelli patiently fielded the same questions over and over. Yes, he'd say, Earl was a great manager, a living legend, a sure Hall of Famer; his four pennants and his won-lost percentage (.596 over 14½ seasons) spoke for themselves. No, Altobelli didn't mind the pressure of replacing Weaver. "If there isn't pressure in a job,

Altobelli has been making the right moves both on the bench and behind the scenes

the job's not worth it," he'd say. Rarely did he point to his own credentials—a managing record in the Oriole farm system as successful as Weaver's was there, and a National League Manager of the Year award in 1978 while at the helm of the San Francisco Giants, whom he skippered from late 1976 until '79. Questioned about the clubhouse gripes that soured Weaver's last years, Altobelli would reply mildly, "Gee, I don't know about that. I wasn't here." The latter is certainly true; he was the third base coach for the Yankees in 1981 and '82.

Altobelli will be 51 years old on May 26. Before turning to managing in the late '60s, he was a first baseman for 15 years, though he played in the majors for just 166 games with Cleveland and Minnesota. As the Orioles took batting practice before a home game with the Angels last week, Altobelli briefly stood in at shortstop; more often he'll take a few grounders—even the ones with hot sauce—at his old position. Then he came to the sidelines to chat up a few sportswriters. He grinned and gossiped, softly pounding his glove, cheerfully unmindful of the flecks of tobacco juice collecting on his white jersey. When the reporters turned for a second to get a look at Kathy Lioi, Miss Oriole 1983, Altobelli saw his chance and disappeared.

At the outset Altobelli said he'd be foolish to make changes in a club that knows how to win. Two rookies are prominent in the lineup, however. Altobelli gave the third base job to Leo Hernandez, a Venezuelan who hit a lot of homers in the minors. The stumpy Hernandez reminds no one yet of Brooks Robinson. But before installing him there, Altobelli and General Manager Hank Peters acquired what amounts to a Spanish-speaking coach and chaperon for him in 35-year-old Aurelio Rodriguez, who by rights should be sunning himself back in Mexico.

Rodriguez, still a mean gloveman, sometimes substitutes for Hernandez in the late innings, and off the field the two are inseparable. When the smiling Rodriguez comes through the door wearing boots, designer jeans and a flashy shirt, an identically dressed Hernandez is sure to follow.

More spectacular has been the introduction of centerfielder John (T-Bone) Shelby. Shelby platoons with 36-year-old Al (Bee) Bumbry, providing Altobelli with what he calls a delightful problem, because Bumbry is running and hitting again on rejuvenated legs, and Shelby, after a .395 April, was batting .364 last week and coasting for line drives with the grace of a Paul Blair.

As for the offensive stars of last year's team, they've picked up nicely where they left off. John Lowenstein, Cal Ripken and Eddie Murray are all hitting .300 or better. Altobelli gave right field back to Dan Ford, who spent the last half of a poor year on Weaver's nonperson list but was hitting .347 at the end of last week. "Last year you'd get to first base and almost sit down," Disco Dan says, "because you knew Earl wasn't going to run—steal a base, sacrifice, play hit-and-run. With Joe I can do a little bit of everything, and it helps when he smiles at you when you have a good game. Already I've talked to him more than I did with Earl all year."

This is the one difference between the two managers that all the Orioles immediately point to—Weaver kept his prickly distance, win or lose, while Altobelli, though far from gushy, has a personal touch. "When Joe said hello to me the first day of spring training, he broke the other guy's alltime career record," says Pitcher Jim Palmer of the man he loved to hate.

Though disabled, Palmer carries on with Rich Dauer.

It isn't surprising that when spring began the Baltimore locker room was rife with Weaver revisionism. All the horror stories of 14 years were dredged up and exaggerated—how Earl reduced his players' talents to rigid stats, how he snubbed and screamed at them, even how he pushed one player downstairs. It was as if some group purge had to be undertaken, an expression of release from the man who drove the team to success. By contrast, here came the bland and genial Altobelli, saying hello and patting fannies. Both pictures are distorted. The Orioles

continued

will always respect Weaver for teaching them how to win. Now they want to prove they can do it without him—one explanation, perhaps, for the faster-than-normal start this year—and Altobelli is only too happy to stand back and let the players go.

The foundation of Baltimore's success, the key to the best won-lost record in baseball over the past 26 years, has been excellent pitching. But last year the Orioles ranked seventh in the league with a 3.99 ERA, their worst since 1956. Injuries were the principal culprit—Scott McGregor struggled with arm trouble and a loss of confidence, and Mike Flanagan was trying to regain the power on his fastball after shoulder-muscle atrophy in '81. But the pitchers may also have been discouraged by years of Weaver looking over their shoulders. Says lefthander Flanagan, whose 5–0 start is the best of his career, including his Cy Young year (1979), "Earl never asked what I wanted to throw. He'd look at his card and say, 'This guy is 9 for 27 against the fastball. Throw him a curve.' Joe gives us a little more credit to know what we have on a given day."

Besides announcing that he'd give his starters more freedom and that he'd go with a five-man rotation instead of four, Altobelli has said that he'll be more careful of his relievers' arms. Bullpen ace Tippy Martinez complains that he warmed up 300 times last year, sometimes as many as three times a game, en route to making 80 appearances. By comparison, says Martinez, the Yankees' Rich Gossage got up only once in a game in which he wasn't used. McGregor, whose 3–1 record indicates that the eight-hit game can be an art form, says, "Joe's broken in the starters a little easier. In the early games he took us out a little sooner than Earl would have and we were a little surprised. But it's helped that he's not pushing us."

Altobelli admits that he's relying heavily on the advice of Pitching Coach Ray Miller, considered to be one of the best in the business. Miller and Third Base Coach Cal Ripken Sr. were top candidates to succeed Weaver, and it's a tribute to the tight-knit Baltimore organization that both wanted to stay on when Altobelli, who'd been away from the Orioles for six years, got the job. The line on Miller is that at last his insights are being heeded, that he was frustrated and privately critical of Weaver's headstrong management of the pitchers.

Hinting at his past dissatisfaction, Miller says, "I have more input now. Joe and I talk. He'll say, 'What do you think about him?' as a pitcher is coming to the dugout between innings. Earl wouldn't ask you that question—he'd just rely on his baseball judgment. All in all, Joe was a great replacement, given the state of mind of this ball club. We're loose, we're veterans."

Altobelli and Miller present an interesting executive combination. Miller's nickname is Rahbitt, alluding to his big teeth, but under Altobelli it can also apply to the carrot Miller wields while the manager, hanging back in his office, threatens with the stick.

This carrot-and-stick approach was successfully applied in the case of Dennis Martinez, who until his second win last Friday night had Miller and Altobelli genuinely worried. Martinez' five defeats in April accounted for almost half the team's losses through Sunday. But where Weaver probably would have been screaming at him, Miller was working on his mechanics and Altobelli was blaming the cold weather and noting that Martinez, in terms of ERA, always starts the season slowly.

That changed, however, after Martinez was knocked out of a game in Seattle. Martinez publicly criticized Catcher Rick Dempsey and said nobody was allowing him to throw his game. This finally brought out Altobelli, who said, "I told Dennis it was time he took the brunt of this on himself and stopped blaming everybody else. I've had him before [in the minors], and sometimes he needs a kick. Flanagan and McGregor, they're going good—I stay away from them. But with Dennis sometimes you have to kick and then you let up. Kick and then let up."

Shelby has stepped out of Bumbry's long shadow to play scintillatingly in centerfield

Asked if that wasn't a little like managing rats in a cage, he said, "Yeah, well let me tell you, they're pretty expensive rats."

Jim Palmer looks expensive, but not at all ratlike. He stands on the mound in Memorial Stadium facing centerfield. It's his first appearance of the two-week-old season; he missed his Opening Day start because his back was hurting after he was rocked by a University of Miami team in his last start of spring training. (Last week the same injury, aggravated, put Palmer on the disabled list until May 20.) Tall and slim-waisted, he's the only Oriole who listens to the anthem with his legs firmly together, like a proud Boy Scout. Looking closely, you can almost see the lines of his Jockey underwear through his pants. Palmer is a paradox. A no-contest Hall of Famer with three Cy Youngs, a tireless worker for charity, a celebrated model and future broadcasting star, a total all-American. Also: a complainer, a kibitzer, an egotist and—it's being whispered—cowardly for removing himself from important games. How will Altobelli ever be able to handle a man who usually got the last word in on Weaver, no slouch with the brickbat?

Altobelli so far has taken the tack of deferring to Palmer's every wish, particularly with regard to his numerous aches and pains. "We're each of us the best judges of our own bodies, and Jimmy especially so, with his experience and his great record," says Altobelli. "If he says he can't pitch, he can't pitch. As for the controversy he may cause, we'll live with it as they did in the past." Palmer is just as complimentary in return, saying, "Baseball's always been fun, but with Joe it's a little bit more fun. He understands that sometimes you're going to lose. Earl wouldn't. Everything he said was *negative*."

In his first outing Palmer gave up five hits and no runs over five innings against Cleveland and got his 264th career win. His most critical moment came in the second, with runners on second and third and two out, when Ron Hassey hit a screamer toward the leftfield wall. Lowenstein, staggering straight back in the wet outfield grass, caught up with it for the third out. It was a heart-in-mouth situation, but a glance at Palmer showed him walking nonchalantly toward the dugout, head down. He was crossing the line as the catch was made. Later he maintained he'd been worried and was on his way to back up third base, but a cynic could see that more likely he was positioning himself to be amazed if Lowenstein failed.

About the only thing Rodriguez (right) doesn't do for young Hernandez is sign his name.

After the game Palmer met briefly with reporters. Briefly, because he was dressed in smart white underwear and a red T shirt. He looked tanned, handsome and glowing. Six feet away from the tight throng around him, Altobelli sat alone and unregarded, contentedly munching a sandwich.

In his second start Palmer allowed no earned runs in eight innings, though Tim Stoddard got the win in the 14th. But on April 26, pitching with a stiff neck, he lost to Oakland, giving up four runs in 3⅔ innings. Four days later he scratched himself from a start, and after his back was examined in Boston by one of the orthopedists he consults, it was agreed that Palmer would go on the disabled list in the hope that his 37-year-old musculature might come around.

Altobelli looked on the bright side. About Palmer's Oakland performance he said, "He really could have got knocked around in there, the way he felt"—though Altobelli only learned the way Palmer felt after the game began—"but he didn't and that shows you something. I think Jimmy will come back and gain momentum." What he means is that it's too early in the season to take the chance of alienating Palmer, or anybody else on the team. Altobelli was fired from the Giants before the end of the '79 season because he lost control of a club that was losing. He was something of a disciplinarian then, and when he banned drinking on the team plane, some unhappy players drank anyway and had some loud things to say. After more second-guessing by his players and the press, the Giants' owner felt Altobelli had to go. On the Orioles' charter flight west last month, most everyone was in high spirits, literally, while Altobelli sat up front with his headphones, laughing silently at a comedy recording.

Says Peters, "When we decided on Joe we thought that his having been fired was a plus. We thought he might have learned something from that experience about handling players. Our players know that he's got emotions and a temper—he's got a bomb in there just like everyone else. But I expect he'll do things differently."

Altobelli doesn't have much to say about his San Francisco days except "I got into trouble there once because I was quoted as saying that I didn't want my players to be too gay. They told me that was the wrong word to use. Anyway, I don't want happy players, I want good, aggressive players. If frustration makes them better, well, I'll take it." But is *he* having fun now? "I never have fun," he says. "But I enjoy it. I believe in being content, but not happy. Happy leads to not caring very much." END

And Suddenly He's A Man Of Clay

While most everyone in tennis was either getting sued, splitting up or whapping balls at one another, the most astonishing thing John McEnroe did last week wasn't to declare war on half the population of Czechoslovakia, as it originally seemed. It was to learn how to win on clay. How else to explain the WCT Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills, from which McEnroe emerged not

only with all his limbs in working order and his head still fastened to his body but as the champion of champions as well? By defeating Guillermo Vilas 6–1, 6–1 and Vitas Gerulaitis 6–3, 7–5 back-to-

Amid the suits and slurs at Forest Hills, John McEnroe showed he can really dish it out on the dirt **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

windy-back at the West Side Tennis Club, McEnroe reversed the tide of two rivals who had held a combined 7–2 edge over him on clay. More important, his domination of the proceedings served notice to the rest of the dirty-sock brigade that they won't have Mac to kick their beloved dust on anymore.

Heretofore, McEnroe's clay-court performances have been most notable for their futility. Davis Cup annihilations in Argentina, failure to advance beyond the quarterfinals in Paris in three attempts. "I haven't got much to compare this to," said McEnroe on Sunday after he had struck drop shots and lobs at will and with such disguise that Gerulaitis appeared to be riding a seesaw. He seemed perplexed even when he got a clear swipe at the ball in midcourt. McEnroe jumped out to a 5–1 lead in the opening set and then, after losing his serve in the next game, which was the only time he was broken all tournament, relied on stinging deliveries to sweep his last seven service games with the loss of but 10 points. That performance made for an efficient if unspectacular afternoon and a nice Mother's Day present for Kay McEnroe, whom her son addressed, Hallmark-card style, during the awards ceremony: "Thanks, Mom, for putting up with me all these years."

If McEnroe's T of C victory might be construed as the beginning of a new life for him on the soft stuff, it was also the culmination of an extraordinary chain of events in his already extraordinary career. Barely two months ago he slumped off the baked dirt in Buenos Aires, whipsawed by Vilas in the Davis Cup and plagued by tendinitis in his left shoulder. Three weeks ago in Las Vegas he was beaten in the first round by a charming yet obscure fellow named Trey Waltke. Then in rapid succession McEnroe 1) acquired a new racket, a mid-size graphite that gives him more pace and places less strain on his shoulder than the wooden frame he had been using, and 2) beat his nemesis, Ivan Lendl of Czechoslovakia, in the WCT Finals on May Day in Dallas. Against Lendl, who had won seven of their last eight matches, McEnroe played "the best tiebreaker of my life" in the fifth set. He won it seven-zip with five outright winners, followed by a spectacular match-clinching forehand get that happened to curl between the net post and the net into the open court. Sure, the shot was illegal, but don't tell anybody in Prague.

McEnroe, who recently switched to a mid-size racket, was equally adept on the baseline and at net.

Upon arriving in New York, McEnroe was accused by Lendl of having intimidated the officials in Dallas. Lendl also practically accused him of cheating and then said, "If I cannot hit him with my fists, I will hit him with the balls . . . every time." Later in the week McEnroe pulled a muscle in his right thigh during a doubles match, engaged in an ugly head-hunting expedition—fuzz bullets at five paces—during a quarterfinal meeting with Tomas Smid, who also happens to be from Czechoslovakia, and was fined $1,000 for referring to Smid as "you blankity Communist blank."

All the while Mac seemed to be hitting the ball as solidly and with as much dexterity as he had in that magical summer of 1981, when he bookended Wimbledon and the U.S. Open to become king of the fast tracks. McEnroe showed that he now can shift gears and construct a patient baseline strategy on clay without adversely affecting his masterful touch or his serve-and-volley game. "I always had the potential on clay," said McEnroe, "but, hey, winning this tournament doesn't mean I can win the French. I'd like to take a run at it, but that's a different story. I'm just hitting the ball so well now I look forward to playing people like Willy [Vilas] and Vitas on clay."

McEnroe's fusses and feats saved the tournament from being overwhelmed by the off-court controversies boiling within the sport: the divorce complaint filed last week by the former Patti McGuire against her husband, James Scott Connors; the recent breakup into two rival entities of the Washington law firm of Dell, Craighill, Fentress & Benton, one of the two major player agents in tennis; and that *magnum opus* of a lawsuit filed

continued

Lendl didn't get a chance to "take matters into his own hands" with Mac.

WCT TENNIS *continued*

in January by Lamar Hunt's WCT against just about everybody else in tennis. Specifically, he's suing the Men's International Professional Tennis Council (MIPTC), the nine-member body that administers the Grand Prix tour; the International Tennis Federation (ITF), which holds three seats on the Pro Council; and the players themselves in the form of their union, the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP). The ATP also has three representatives on the Council, the remaining members being three tournament directors. Does that just about cover the alphabet?

With none of the parties in the Connors and Dell splits on hand last week—Patti in Florida, Jimbo in California, the hi-ho-the-derry-o lawyers in the dell—the T of C was as good a place as any to get a bead on the WCT-Grand Prix dispute and what it means to the players. Frankly, it means that unless somebody comes up with some tournaments to replace the 19 events WCT is dropping, the players are out of jobs, prestige and approximately $7.9 million in prize money. Lendl alone would be denied the opportunity to play tournaments in which he won more than a million dollars in 1982. Some tour regulars don't know whether to be angry or scared. Many are both. Most are confused. But while Hunt's costly, time-consuming and drastic maneuver against the establishment has irreparably harmed relations between his tour and the Grand Prix's, it may be just the catalyst tennis needs to straighten itself out.

The WCT complaint alleges that the various activities of the MIPTC violate antitrust laws—"conspiracy to monopolize," "conspiracy to restrain trade," "unlawful tying," round up all the usual suspects—and it requests injunctive relief as well as unspecified money damages. Because of "monopoly," WCT claims it has had to reduce its operations from 22 tournaments in 1982 to only three next year. Forest Hills was the last of nine WCT events this year.

Although Hunt claims he's not really suing the players, in fact he is, because of the ATP's affiliation with the other defendants. Besides comprising one-third of the Pro Council, the ATP receives $750,000 every year from the ITF. Also, the ITF recently agreed to pick up the ATP's legal fees in the lawsuit, which obviously further strengthens WCT's case for collusion. The ATP claims the legal money it's getting from the ITF is merely a loan. The sound you hear is antitrust lawyers falling down in hysterics.

In this 15th year of the open era, tennis' leaders should be ashamed that their game has come to this instead of to one strong, regulated tour. The same old tired faces are fighting the same old tired battles in the same old tired boardrooms. When the parties get too tired, they just change sides. Mike Davies, for nearly 12 years Hunt's executive director at WCT, is now executive director of the ATP. Owen Williams, who replaced Davies at WCT, used to be a Grand Prix tournament director and an MIPTC member. And tennis wonders why it's listed in the yellow pages under Buffoonery.

While Hunt always has been treated as some kind of Texas badlands outlaw by the tennis establishment, his WCT brought style, class, organization and good p.r.—not to mention all those big bucks—to tennis. That's why, even as Hunt was suing them, the players held meetings with him last week and reassured him that as a body they wanted him to remain in the game. A younger player thought it especially "neat" that one of the world's richest men would give them all his home phone number.

The sticky point with Hunt is that the ATP is aligned with the MIPTC rather than being independent of the Grand Prix and WCT circuits. "The ATP-Grand Prix connection is so patently against the antitrust laws, it's ridiculous," says Hunt, who also owns the Kansas City Chiefs of the NFL. "I've always believed in competition, but this is like the NFL Players Association fielding a team in the NFL. The other side is full of baloney. It's chaos, and it's wrong."

Which pretty much sums up how Lendl feels about McEnroe. "He threw his racket the length of the court in Dallas and got away with it," said Lendl early last week. "I won't put up with it anymore. I'll take matters into my own hands . . . But I don't see any realistic chance of him beating Vilas in the semifinals." However, soon after his tirade Lendl, who had ripped apart the T of C in 1982, winning six matches in about the time it takes to count the argyles on his shirt, was gone. He was a third-round victim of the lefthanded, go-for-broke attack of France's 19-year-old Henri Leconte, who won nine straight games en route to a 6–2, 6–3 victory. "Quickest arm I see since Rod Laver," said Leconte's coach, Ion Tiriac. "I'm also happy with his head." Ah, but that's the tricky part. The erratic Leconte doubtless plays more love sets than anybody on tour, both as lover and lovee. In the quar-

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Leconte, who sent Lendl packing, is one of the game's most gifted—and erratic—young players.

ters Johan Kriek took him out 7–5, 3–6 and—*c'est la vie*—6–0.

Back in the foxholes, McEnroe had refused to pose with Lendl for a photographer. He accused Lendl of "extremely sour grapes." He said racket throwing was only serious if the racket "hit" someone and pointed out that the sainted Ken Rosewall "holds the world record for throwing rackets, but nobody calls him a bad actor. All of a sudden Lendl's cool because he's going to hit me? That shows what a classy person he is. We're in two different worlds. This is what *hockey* is trying to get away from."

By then it was time for Smid to take up the cudgel from his fallen countryman. Smid was still smarting from his own loss to McEnroe in Dallas. "I stand around while he complains for half an hour," he said. This time he sat around. And sat some more. Every time McEnroe challenged a call, Smid walked off the court and took his seat. Then the two had words across the net. Then Smid spat in McEnroe's direction. Then it got ornery.

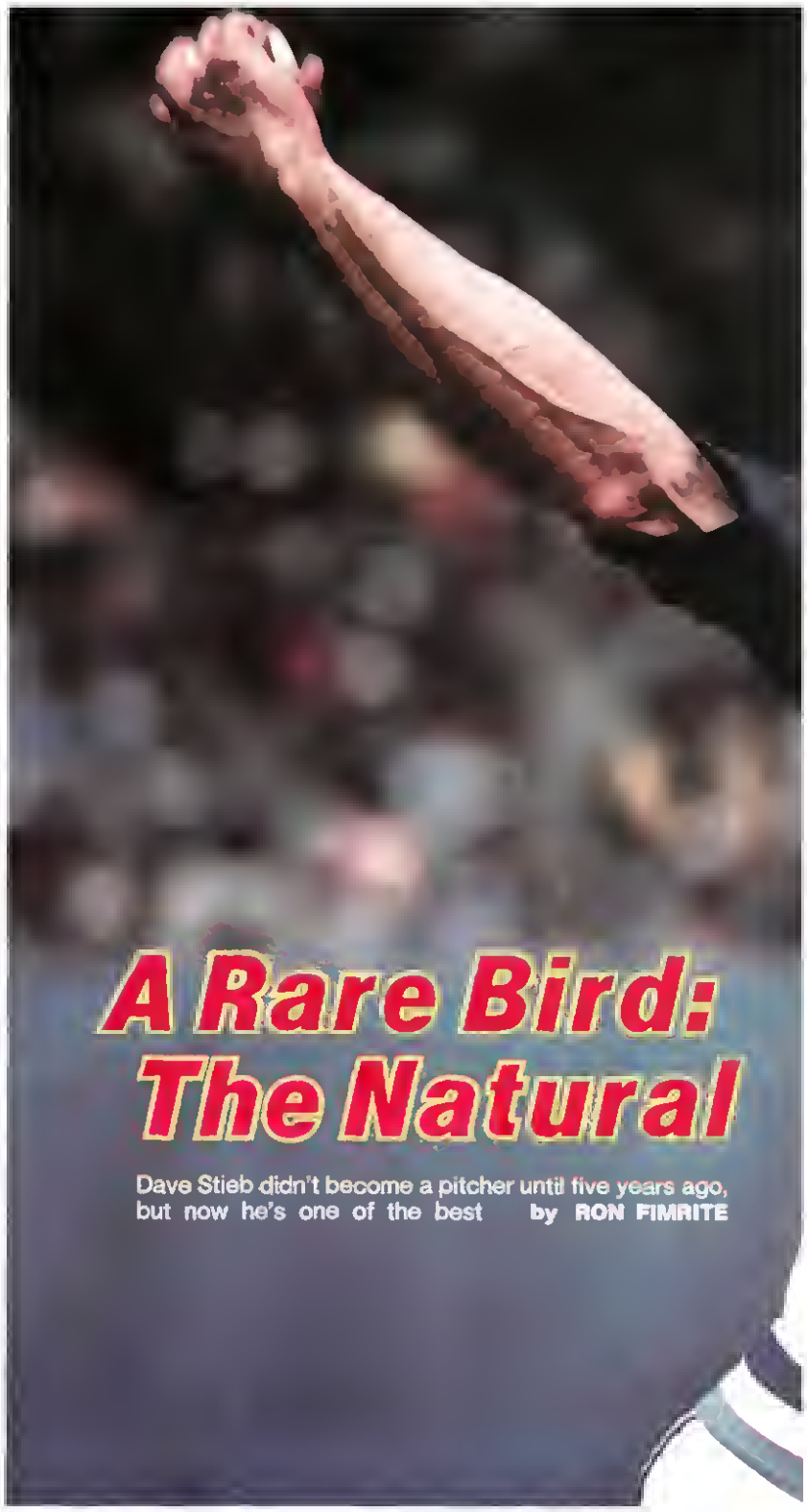
In the sixth game McEnroe, "to prove a point," hit a backhand that narrowly missed Smid's clipped moustache. Next Smid ordered that a crying baby be removed from the stands. In the second set Smid hurtled forward to cover a drop volley and drilled a backhand into Mac's ribs. "You'll be sorry the day you hit me," said McEnroe during the changeover. He followed up that remark with the Communist crack that made him sound like the second coming of Joe McCarthy.

McEnroe didn't spare his old sparring partner, Chair Umpire Frank Hammond, either. "I don't want to hear bleep from you," McEnroe said. After Mac's 6–3, 7–5 win, however, the boys were sweetness and light. Smid called McEnroe an indelicate name and McEnroe called Smid a "total jerk."

Vilas, who admitted he actually is a *friend* of McEnroe's—"We do so many exhibitions together, but I don't get one Bic commercial out of it yet," he said—was the favorite in their match. McEnroe, remember, had won only five games in that humiliating Davis Cup defeat. But on Saturday a vicious swirling crosswind wreaked havoc with Vilas' hole card, his heavy, high-kicking top spin. The wind was so bad that one Vilas mishit sailed above the stadium only to flutter down just inside McEnroe's baseline. A startled Mac meekly tapped back a forehand, whereupon the ball took a squiggly bounce and died. "I wait to nail it," said Vilas, "but the ball disappear."

If the political pooh-bahs and the clay-court aficionados were waiting for WCT and McEnroe to disappear as well, the Tournament of Champions may have been a rude awakening. Though the WCT tour, per se, is no more, Hunt has a new 15-year contract with West Side. As for McEnroe, after winning his semi on Saturday, he smiled and said, "Call Lendl and ask him who beat Vilas." Mac didn't bother to add, "And tell him Johnny Boy will see him in Paris." **END**

Smid's quarterfinal brouhaha with McEnroe produced the ugliest scene of the week.



A Rare Bird: The Natural

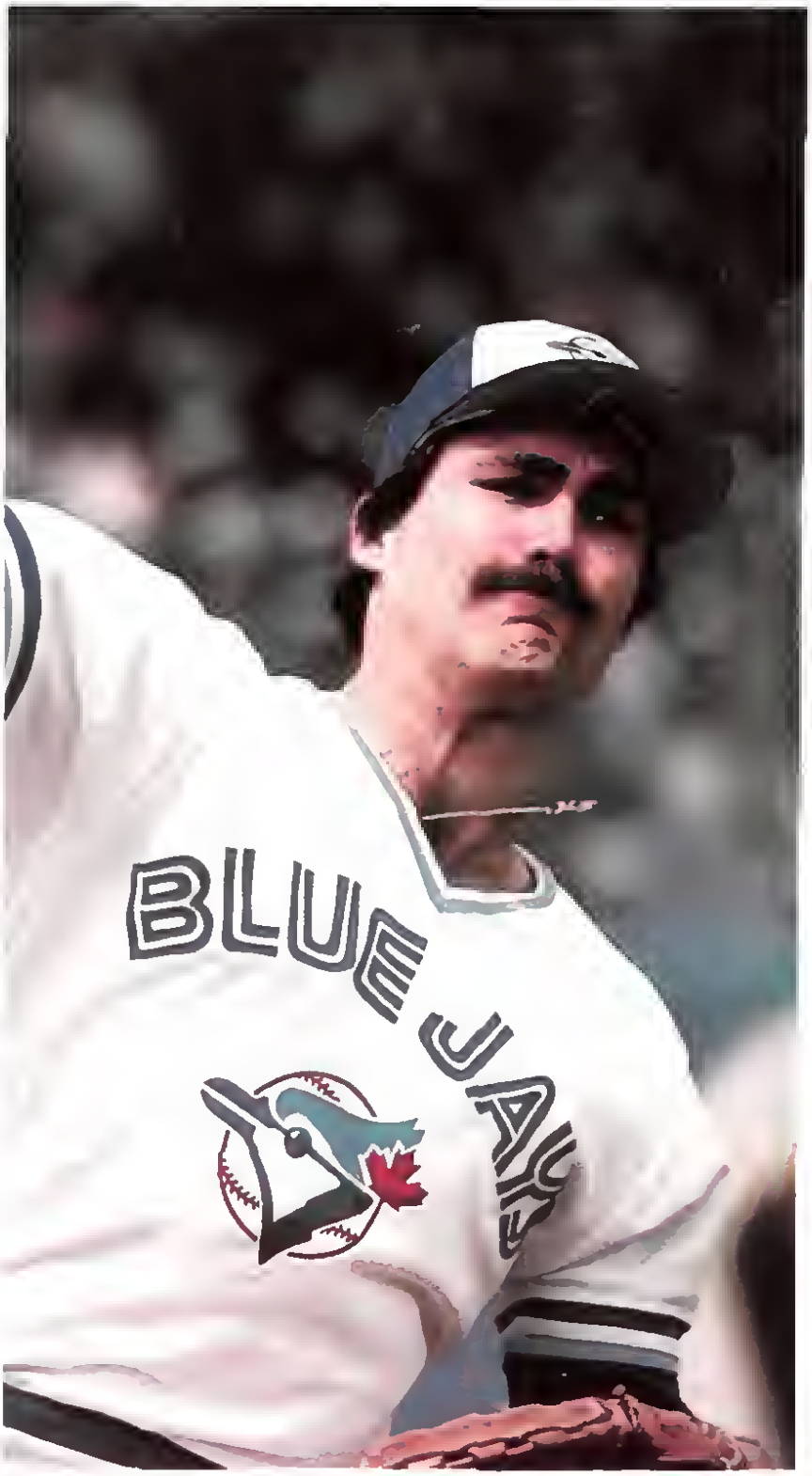
Dave Stieb didn't become a pitcher until five years ago, but now he's one of the best

by RON FIMRITE

On May 3, 1978 Bobby Mattick, then the director of player development for the Toronto Blue Jays, and Blue Jay scout Al LaMacchia were stationed near the stands on the first-base side in a little ball park in Charleston, Ill., when the visiting centerfielder jogged in to pitch the sixth inning. They looked at each other quizzically. They had come to the Eastern Illinois University campus specifically to scout this Southern Illinois outfielder. And they'd been disappointed. Another Toronto scout, Don Welke, had said the boy could run, throw and hit with some power. But Mattick and LaMacchia had their doubts. "I didn't like his swing," says Mattick. They were prepared to write the prospect off when—what's going on here?—he came in to pitch.

It wasn't the first time Dave Stieb had taken the mound for the Salukis. He'd been pressed into duty earlier in the college season as an emergency pitcher by Southern Illinois Coach Richard (Itchy) Jones. But, says Jones, "the scouts couldn't know when he was going to pitch because we never did." Mattick recalls having heard something about Stieb's pitching, but he and LaMacchia were there to look at him strictly as an outfielder. Disappointed by what they had seen, they nevertheless decided to stay around long enough to see him throw. It was, Mattick concludes in retrospect, one of the smartest things he has ever done, no small claim for a man who signed the likes of Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson. "Stieb knocked our eyeballs out," says Mattick. "He was absolutely overpowering. We hadn't liked him as a hitter, but he sure as hell opened our eyes when he started pitching. We decided to draft him."

An astute decision it was. Stieb won 17 games last year for the Blue Jays, although they did no better than tie for last place in the American League East. He led the league in shutouts (five), complete games (19) and innings pitched (288⅓). He's continuing apace this year; at week's end he shared the league lead in complete games (four) and strikeouts (43) and led in ERA (1.26), while winning five and losing two for a team in third place. Seattle Manager Rene Lachemann, among many others, considers Stieb the best righthanded pitcher in the league. "He comes at you and has good control," says Lachemann. "He has a tremendously



competitive attitude. He has good stuff. He keeps the ball down. He fields his position well. He does all the things a winning pitcher needs to do." "I don't think he has any weaknesses," says Baltimore Manager Joe Altobelli. "Dave Stieb," says the Orioles' designated hitter, Ken Singleton, "is no picnic."

On and on the encomiums flow. "He's got a nasty slider. . ." "He's a real competitor. . . ." "He's cocky, but he backs it up. ." Stieb, only 25 and in his fifth season in the major leagues and his sixth in professional baseball, is at the very top of his profession. And that must be considered one of the wonders of American sport, a true phenomenon, because until that fateful spring of '78, Stieb had never pitched at any level—Little League, Pony League, Colt League, Thorobred League, high school or junior college.

When Mattick and LaMacchia caught Stieb's act he was a .394 hitter for the Salukis en route to a berth on *The Sporting News's* All-America team. He stubbornly persisted in regarding himself as an outfielder in his first season of professional baseball that summer and played centerfield most of the time. He didn't, in fact, become a full-time pitcher until 1979. And that, to the amazement of even the most optimistic of his boosters in the Blue Jay organization, was also the year he made the big leagues. What a season it was! Stieb started it with Dunedin in the Class A Florida State League. He was 5–0 there when the Blue Jays moved him in May to their Triple A Syracuse farm. He was 5–2 with a 2.13 earned run average in his month there. On June 29 he started for Toronto against the Baltimore Orioles—and lost. He finished the '79 American League season with eight wins and eight defeats for a team with 109 losses. When he took the ball for his first major league start, Stieb had pitched, counting *college baseball, a grand total of 216* innings in his lifetime.

Other pitchers, notably Bob Lemon and Bucky Walters, have made effective transitions from positions on the field to the mound, although the switch from pitcher to fielder, as made by the likes of Babe Ruth, Stan Musial and Lefty

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the kids were raised in the old house, and they all wound up with nicknames. Doug himself is known as Doccy, Polly is B.J., Mark's siblings are Bean, Scruffy, Chili, Poo, Princess and Babaloo. Mark is sometimes Gee, sometimes Genghis. The latter sobriquet was, to say the least, portentous. In squash circles, predictably enough, he's known as Mork.

Mark, the second youngest, and his brother, Bob, a year older, were inseparable as kids. They rambled through the trap doors and secret passageways of the mansion, filling it with fantasy. They idolized their older brother, Dave. He used to lead them with a flashlight through the intricate network of tunnels beneath the house to escape the resident monster, Claw. Dave painted a basketball bright red and told Mark and Bob it was Claw's egg. Dave would stand on the roof and toss off old clothes stuffed with newspapers to make his brothers think he could fly. Bob abandoned the world of make-believe at about age 10, when he began to drink coffee and read the Dayton *Journal Herald* at the breakfast table, but Mark is still trying to fly.

"He lives very much in a fantasy world," says Dave, who works as a squash pro at the Detroit Athletic Club. Mark has read most of Tolkien. He also likes Carlos Castaneda novels, sword-and-sorcery films like *Excalibur* and acting the *skeegler*. That's Glinglish for someone who wears grotesque Halloween masks to formal dinner parties. He's a sentimentalist, the self-appointed preserver of his grandfather's trophies and caretaker of the Talbott legends. He delights in sending his family on treasure hunts and lavishing expensive gifts on them. He joins them to stalk seashells in Florida and hunt morels in the mushroomy woods of Ohio and Northern Michigan. "You blow a whistle when you come upon a strike," says Mark. "Then you sneak up on the mushrooms and attack."

The one harsh reality of Mark's life has been squash. Doug, a former Ohio champ, taught Mark the game on the sunken court. "I guess it's unusual to grow up with a squash court in your house," says Mark innocently. He got pointers from Hashim Khan, Sharif's father and a friend of Doug's. "I've got to talk to Dad about that," says Sharif with a laugh. "He's giving away too many tips to the opposition."

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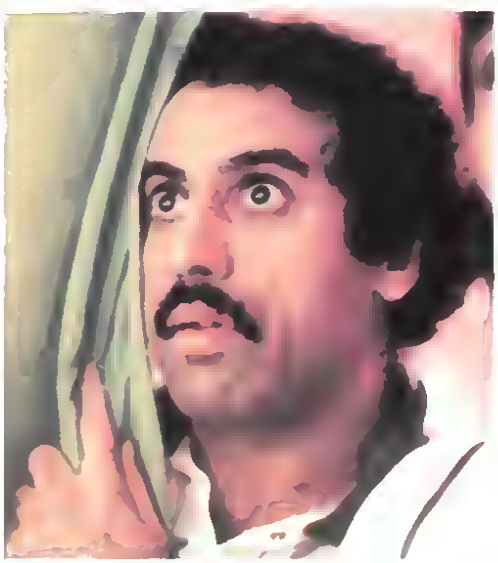

Do Pattie and Dave want Andrew to be a fireman or follow in his father's footsteps as a starter?

of his restless nature, partly because the fast pace upsets many hitters and partly because his fielders stay more alert when the game is moving along briskly. And he doesn't walk many batters—75 in those 288⅓ innings last year. Thus a Stieb game rarely lasts longer than 120 pitches. Last year, according to Toronto Pitching Coach Al Widmar, Stieb threw fewer than 110 pitches in 10 games and fewer than 100 in six.

Stieb has other assets. "He's the best fielding pitcher in baseball," says his manager, Bobby Cox. This is a skill attributable to his outfielding experience. Another byproduct of that experience is his approach to the hitters. "Like Lemon," says Widmar, "Dave knows how tough it is to hit. That gives him a psychological edge." And last year, says Blue Jay Catcher Buck Martinez, Stieb realized, perhaps for the first time, "that he could win when he did not have good stuff. In the first half of the season, he couldn't make his slider work at all. It was a frustrating time for him, but he learned to pitch his way out of it by moving the ball around. That's the mark of a good pitcher."

Stieb is an extraordinarily handsome man, tall and well built (6 feet and 190 pounds) with hazel eyes and a trim brown mustache, the baseball equivalent of Tom Selleck. He is bright and well spoken, if somewhat reticent. He and his wife, Pattie, have a son, Andrew, who celebrates his first birthday this week. He seems to have it all. But until this year, Stieb suffered from what baseball people euphemistically call a "makeup" problem. In plainer language, he had a temper, one which frequently manifested itself in unseemly displays of petulance on the field. Stieb had the uncharitable habit of responding to errors behind him by planting his hands on his hips and fixing the offender with a baleful glare, a mannerism not likely to win him friends on his own team or, for that matter, to inspire improved play. To his opponents he appeared unnecessarily demonstrative. "Some guys call it being a hot dog," says Milwaukee Outfielder Charlie Moore. "If he made a bad pitch, he'd slap his glove enough to get you teed off. If you got a hit off a good pitch, he'd look at you as if to say, 'How did you hit that pitch?' "

A confrontation Stieb had with Martinez early last season helped him see the error of his ways. Says Martinez: "He threw a home run pitch to Greg Luzinski in Chicago, and as the ball cleared the fence, Dave threw his hands up in the air and looked at me as if to say, 'How could you call that stupid pitch?' I had butted heads with him before about alienating his teammates, so we had a conversation the next morning about it. He's such a high-strung kid, I realized that what he was really doing was criticizing himself. We were asking an awful lot of him. He's such an outstanding athlete, we all expect him to be older. Dave apologized to me for that incident and that sort of thing has never happened again. Now he makes it a point to recognize great plays. He'll go over to the player and compliment him. That wasn't in his personality in the past."

Past history made LaMonte urge Stieb to make peace with Toronto.

Stieb acknowledges that

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the brush with Martinez was instructive. "He thanked me for my apology," says Stieb. "No way he should be thanking me. That showed me something, made me feel even worse, and I already felt pretty bad about the whole thing. I'm a real competitor who just doesn't deal too well with failure. I realize now I could've had my butt kicked for the stuff I used to do. I was fortunate to have players around me who could deal with all that. Remember, I'd been an outfielder most of my life, so I'd never had to deal with anyone making an error behind me. All I had to worry about was myself. And I wasn't accustomed to playing for a last-place team. That was something else new I had to deal with. I'd release all that tension and stress verbally. I said a lot of things I shouldn't have. I won't do the things I used to. I realize now how bad all that looked. It's out of my system. I try my damndest now not to let any runs score as the result of an error."

"Dave is the most intense person I've ever met," says his agent, Bob LaMonte, who lives only a short drive from Stieb's parents' modest Spanish-style home in San Jose and who was Stieb's high school history teacher and special teams football coach (Stieb averaged 42 yards a boot in his two seasons as a punter). "He's so tight. It's that tightness that makes him such a great pitcher. He's also so tight he makes it hard on himself. You forget how young he is. David was a major league pitcher when most of his buddies from school were working in Chevron stations. He was asked to be a leader at 21. You'd have to be a Gandhi to handle some of the pressure Dave's had, and Gandhi couldn't have pitched five shutouts for the Toronto Blue Jays."

Stieb has had protracted and bitter contract disputes with the Blue Jays, invariably involving demands to be traded, but all was resolved this February when LaMonte, who still works as a teacher, and Blue Jay vice-presidents Pat Gillick and Paul Beeston agreed to a six-year deal that could pay Stieb, with incentive clauses, as much as $1 million a year. LaMonte urged Stieb to fly immediately from California to Toronto and make his peace with a city he had offended in the past with his trade demands. At one point in the Stieb-Blue Jays wars, Trent Frayne of *The Toronto Sun* wrote, "Stieb often leaves the impression that pitching in Toronto is like playing for the Bangkok Beavers." Stieb made the diplomatic mission, thanking the Jays for the "generous contract" and promising to stay with Toronto long enough to make the community proud of its team. "It's time," LaMonte advised Stieb, "for you to take on a humility that is becoming to a person with that kind of contract. It's not the big things in life that make you, it's the little things. Your ability is a given, but signing autographs, talking decently to a writer, things like that, will separate you from the crowd. We're interested now in developing the total man."

In his third start this season, on a blustery April night in Yankee Stadium, Stieb was experiencing one of those games that can imperil a pitcher's sanity. A dropped fly ball in the second inning had given the Yankees four unearned runs. There was a rain delay in the fourth inning. A mishandled ground ball led to a fifth Yankee run in the sixth. Stieb fought his way out of a bases-loaded jam in the eighth, striking out Butch Wynegar on three pitches. The Blue Jays, meanwhile, had pecked away at three Yankee pitchers and had gone ahead 6–5 in the ninth. Still Stieb had every reason to feel apprehensive, even peeved. Every time his team had taken a lead in this long and imperfectly played game, it had found a way to give it back. It was cold and wet, not a pitcher's night, and because of the shoddy support he'd received, Stieb had already thrown more pitches—nearly 140—than he normally does in a complete game. And yet he bounded jubilantly to the mound to face the Yankees in the bottom of the ninth. And when he struck out Steve Kemp to end the game, he fairly leaped for joy.

His enthusiasm was scarcely diminished at breakfast the next morning. "It was a storybook game," he said. "Winning one like that is better than throwing a shutout. With all the mistakes leading to runs, it's a testing type of circumstance, a challenge." He smiled. "Of course, in the past, I don't know how I would've reacted to a game like that."

The fact is, he has found the one missing ingredient in his still new makeup as a pitcher: peace of mind. He has come so far in such a short time. And now, with everything apparently in place, there's no telling how much farther he can go. END

Stieb's "makeup" improved after Martinez gave him a talking-to about his attitude.

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'Born At E.T.'s Knee'

Mark Talbott, who has just finished a magical season in squash, is out of this world on and off the court

by FRANZ LIDZ

The new ruler of hardball squash is a knight-errant who traces his ancestry to the fields of Runnymede and has brought chivalry back to the court. Mark Talbott wanders along the picaresque paths of the pro tour, a Lancelot out of Dayton, slaying opponents with hair-trigger reflexes, unsteadying steadiness and a disarming politeness.

Disgracefully young—Talbott turned 23 two weeks ago—he's the first American to be top-ranked in a sport that has been dominated by the Khan clan out of Pakistan for two generations. Going into the season's final event, which ended earlier this week, Talbott had won 85 of 86 matches and 17 of 18 tournaments, including the North American Open, the Wimbledon of the game, last month. No one, not even a Khan, ever had such an outstanding year. What's more, Talbott has been on the circuit only since 1980.

For the last decade or so squash ha been a sport of intimidation, aggressio and confrontation. The game has pro duced a lot of nervous gunsels, player who jitter and jerk around the court lik Elisha Cook Jr. defying Humphrey Bo gart. But Talbott is as friendly as a pupp dog. He even says "Nice shot!" when a opponent hits a winner, and "Than you" when complimented. "He's so gen tle and unantagonistic," says Clive Cald well, the fifth-ranked pro. "You start t get fired up, and he just smiles and hand you the ball. Everybody's looking for a way to dislike him—without much luck The guy was born at E.T.'s knee."

With the reference to E.T., Caldwel has more in mind than Talbott's qualitie of endearment. Talbott is an extra-terres trial in the eyes of many other players

Talbott's home on tour is a mobile dingu he built from the remains of a squash cour

As of Sunday, Talbott had won 17 of 18 tournaments in the '82-83 season.

They think he has a treeful of squirrels frisking about in his head. His family calls him *neasalistically tranquecsied* They're speaking Glinglish, a language Mark made up when he was six. The Talbotts have used it ever since.

"Most people are pretty reality oriented," says Talbott. "Most squash players are into man-made kind of stuff. I'm more into nature and my family." But even though he is something of a homebody—his favorite pit stop between tournaments is his parents' house in suburban Atlanta—Talbott leads a tumbleweed existence He doesn't have a place of his own, and he tours the circuit in a pickup truck with a sort of cabin on the back He built the cabin out of boards that had once been part of a squash court. In Glinglish, he says, his mobile home is called a *truckalson.*

Inside is a mattress, a propane stove and heater and his Grateful Dead tapes (*tunalsons*). Sometimes he crashes at the apartments of friends: sometimes, like Blanche DuBois, he depends on the kindness of strangers. As he was heading off for international team competition in Pakistan in 1980, Talbott was adopted by a Pakistani family he met at JFK Airport in New York. He sat with them the entire flight, looking after the children Upon landing in Karachi, the family honored him with a nine-course dinner.

On the North American circuit, Talbott often bivouacs in parks and vacant lots and on golf courses. In a Toronto parking lot last year, a couple of construction workers woke him.

"Look at that big doggie house," said one

"That's got to be a big, big dog in there," said the other

"There's feets in there!"

"No!"

"Yes, sir. There's feets in there, and they ain't dog feets, neither. Those feets are people's."

Presumably, Talbott could afford a more luxurious habitat. What with prize money and endorsements, he'll earn about $75,000 this season But he doesn't care how much he makes Talbott has never even added up his money. He leaves high finance up to his mother. "I've never been too good dealing with serious situations," he says. "I'm a daydreamer, basically."

"Mark doesn't like anything too real or too ugly," says Sue Talbott, his sister-in-law. "Everything for him is magical." Says Larry Hilbert, the No. 10 pro, "Friends laughed when he was presented with a Rolex after winning the U.S. Open in March. I don't know anyone who has less concern for time "

"As much as Mark's a space cadet," says Caldwell, "he's remarkably relaxed and outgoing." The tour stopped in Guatemala last year, soon after the military coup. Truck drivers shouted anti-American slogans, and the atmosphere was menacing "Most of us stayed near our hotels," recalls Hilbert "But Mark drove to the countryside where we heard they were cutting off peasants' hands. He'd hold out his hand in friendship and say, 'Hi, how're ya doing?' "

Talbott has the look of a late-blooming flower child. Everything about him is long and droopy. His clothing fits poorly. Off the court he practically lives in a second-hand naval bridge coat, and his hair falls nearly to his shoulders All this and a slightly twisted smile tend to give Talbott the air of a preppie turned hippie, but he lacks the spiritual smugness that gave hippies a bad name. In fact, he did go to boarding school at Mercersburg (Pa.) Academy and then dropped out of Trinity College in Connecticut after one semester. "I wasn't into studying," he says And he looks suitably insouciant, lounging outside his parents' home, swatting pine cones with his racket at their white shepherd, Zuma.

Actually, Talbott works diligently. "No one in squash is more dedicated than Mark," says Hilbert, "and no one is as fit. In Detroit this year I had him down two games to none. He won mainly because he was as strong in the fifth game as in the first." At the Canadian Open last month, Talbott finished first among 16 players in a treadmill test. According to tournament director Ralph Gardiner, "Mark's in the shape of a world-class marathoner."

Early on, the 6-foot, 145-pound Talbott was essentially a retriever. "I was a running fool," he says. His game was always under control, but it was predominantly passive. Last year he was ranked fifth The top player was Michael Desaulniers, a hyperactive Canadian who makes his living trading gold on hyperac-

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

tive Wall Street. This season Talbott won all four of their meetings. "Suddenly Desaulniers was getting slapped in the face by Mark," says Caldwell. "And not so passively." To be fair, Desaulniers played most of the season with injuries. Nevertheless, Talbott had begun to attack the ball. "Now I chase it," says Talbott, "instead of letting it chase me." Usually, when a player becomes more aggressive, he sacrifices consistency. Not Talbott. "Mark still almost never makes an error," says Hilbert. "You have to hit 15 winners to win a game."

Talbott plays the angles of the court like Willie Mosconi at a pool table. His best shot is the double boast, probably the most difficult in the game. To pull it off, the player must drive the ball into a side wall so that it hits the other side wall and then just grazes the front wall before dribbling to the floor, unplayable. If the shot isn't struck exactly right, the ball either fails to reach the front wall or hits it too hard and becomes a setup for the other player. Talbott didn't invent the double boast, but he executes it better than anybody ever has.

"He has a very good temperament for one so young," says sixth-ranked Sharif Khan, whose own court demeanor is threatening and unyielding. Khan sees the court as a boxing ring and Talbott as a gifted counterpuncher. "Mark doesn't drill the ball," says Khan. "He feeds off the pace others set. He'll do it all day. Just crank him up and away he goes."

Khan admits a grudging respect for Talbott, but he doesn't consider him a true champion. "The mark of a great player is consistency," says Khan. "He has to stand the test of time." How long is that? Hint: Khan is somewhere between 37 and 42—he'll never tell—and was ranked No. 1 from 1969 to 1981.

Khan appears to have grown old in the game ungracefully. Despite his vaunted racket control, he's the most feared player on the circuit. He has smashed Talbott in the face with his racket three times. In January, Talbott lost a tooth to Khan's racket. The two last met in the semifinals of the Canadian Open. Sharif no longer has great speed and power; instead, he relies on guile and tricky rhythms. He beat Mark's brother, Dave, who's ranked 16th, in three straight games in the second round. Against Mark, there were occasional bursts of bluster and rage from Khan. Fixing his Rasputin stare on Talbott, Khan tried to break Talbott's concentration, and he made frequent appeals to the officials for the same purpose. However, the wrath of Khan had little effect on Talbott, who won in straight games. Time and again he scurried up behind Khan like a cat on velvet, trading slam for slam, dink for dink. He cut off Khan's canniest shots, forced mistakes and just plain wore him out. By the third game, Khan would have been better off phoning in his moves from the gallery. Talbott beat him with quickness, agility and youth.

"I really enjoyed playing your son, Dave," Khan told Talbott's parents afterward. Then he turned grim. "But playing Mark is no fun at all."

"Mark reminds me of my father," says Mark's father, Doug. "The same mental discipline. Dad never lost his temper or his cool under fire. And like Dad, Mark is very sweet and very sensitive."

Mark's grandfather, Nelson Talbott, was one of Dayton's leading citizens. He got rich buying and selling small businesses, and he once ran TWA for Howard Hughes. Nelson's wife, Elizabeth, was the daughter of the founder of the National Biscuit Company, and she thought up the acronym Nabisco. The Talbotts' lineage dates back to the Magna Charta. At Runnymede King John ceded a tract of land to a knight named John Talbott. Nelson christened the street outside his baronial Dayton estate Runnymede Road.

Nelson was captain of the Yale football team and an All-America in 1913. He was also a champion polo player, but his great passion was squash. Next to his three-story mansion he built a sunken court that could only be reached by ladder. At a tournament in Lexington, Ky. in the mid-1930s, Nelson was taken with the escutcheons on the blazers of the well-born players. He designed his own. He eschewed the usual lions, unicorns and dragons for the lowly skunk and the motto SEMPER SKUNKUS. Now the entire family wears blue blazers with the crest on them. Doug wears his to Mark's matches, and even carries a little skunk hand puppet, which he manipulates during play as a kind of talisman. "I just want Mark to skunk his foes," says Doug.

Doug grew up in the house Nelson built and became a cardiologist in Dayton. He married Polly Snyder and they had six children and adopted another. All

Zuma's tail held a clue—"My love for you blazes above all"—in Talbott's treasure hunt.

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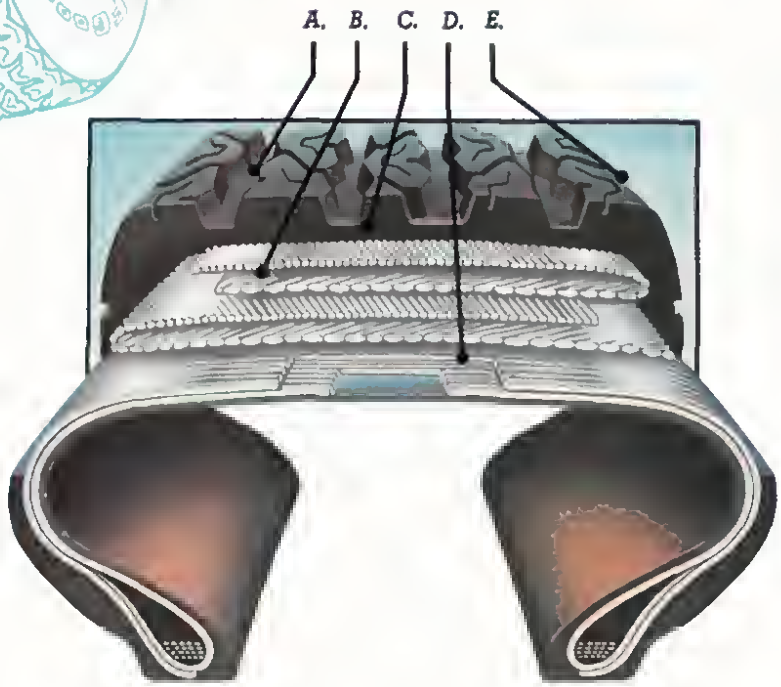

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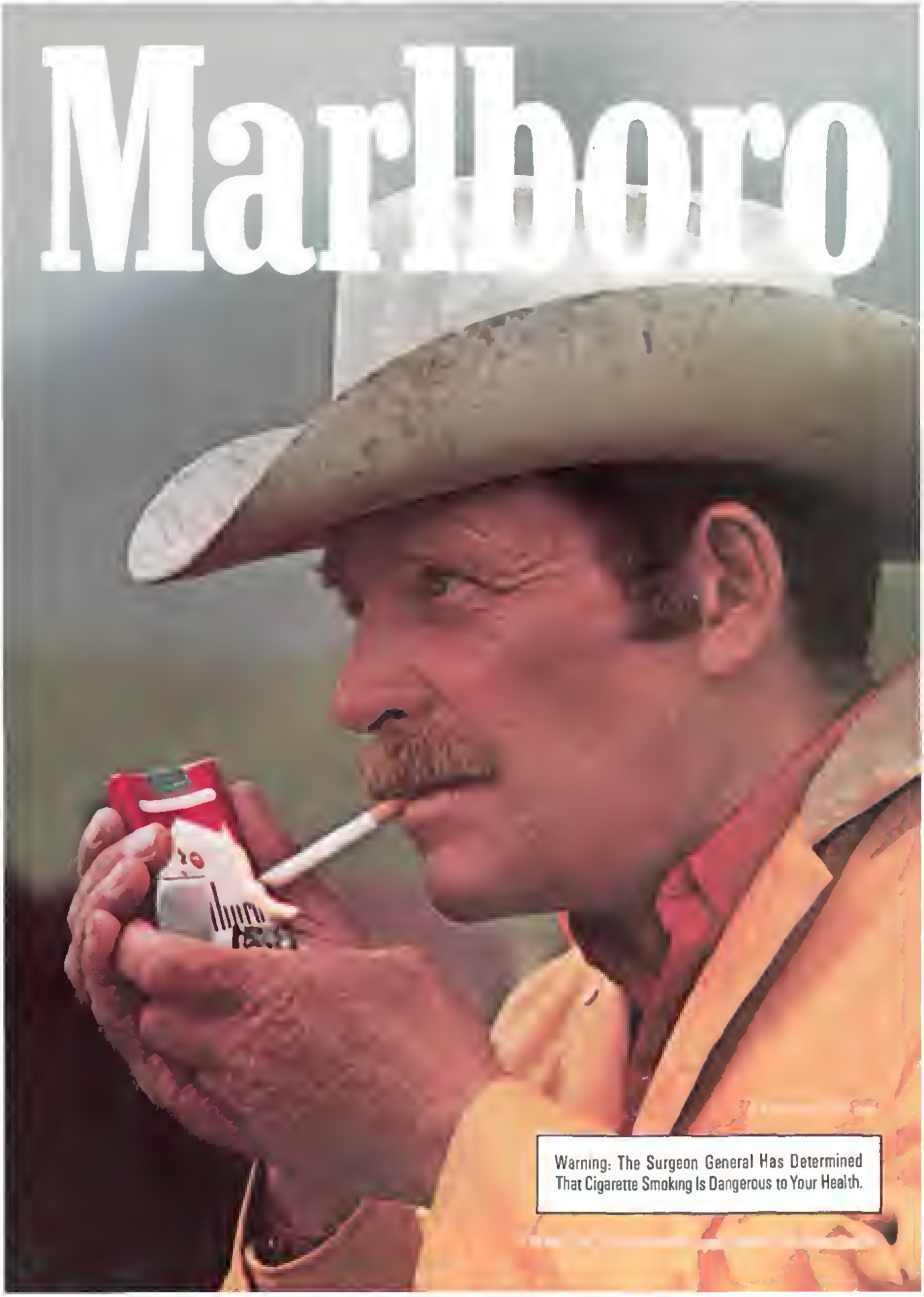
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continued

day," and "Even Jesus couldn't pick 12 good friends." He has them printed up every year in a pocket calendar that has A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY FOR THE TALBOTT FAMILY emblazoned in gold on the cover. Doug hands out copies of the calendar at Christmas. Mark carries his with him to tournaments. The entry on the eve of his match with Khan at the Canadian Open was, "You can tell more about a man in 30 minutes in a duck blind or a squash court than seeing him in the office for two whole months."

As a rookie on the tour, Talbott was devastated by the conduct of his fellow pros, *i.e.*, the blocking, the lethal swings, the psychological ploys. After one particularly galling defeat, he told Dave, "I'm never going to lose to those bastards again. Squash doesn't have to be this way. I'm going to set an example."

And he did. "He's changed the nature of the sport," says Hilbert. "We used to scratch and claw for points. He brought sportsmanship and integrity to the court. His style of play has affected others."

On match point in the finals of one tournament this year, his opponent, second-ranked Ned Edwards, stopped after hitting a shot he thought was out. But Talbott played the ball and easily put it away. Realizing that Edwards could have gotten to the putaway if he had not stopped, Talbott insisted that they play the point over. He wound up losing the game—"I didn't want to win that way," says Talbott—but winning the match. Edwards, by the way, is the only player to have beaten Talbott this season. Edwards also happens to be one of his best friends on the tour. Talbott was magnanimous in that defeat. "I'm so *pleased* Ned won," he told Doug.

The three dozen players on the tour sometimes seem like an extended family, sometimes like warring clans. The 56-year-old World Professional Squash Association regulates the game and oversees events. Nevertheless, Mennen, the toiletry company, has been able to run an unsanctioned tournament in Toronto. For the last four years the WPSA has asked its members to boycott the event. Talbott was the first player to decline Mennen's invitation, and a sure shot at the $12,000 first prize. "It was a question of honor," he says. "Squash is an important part of my life, but not as important as my friends or family."

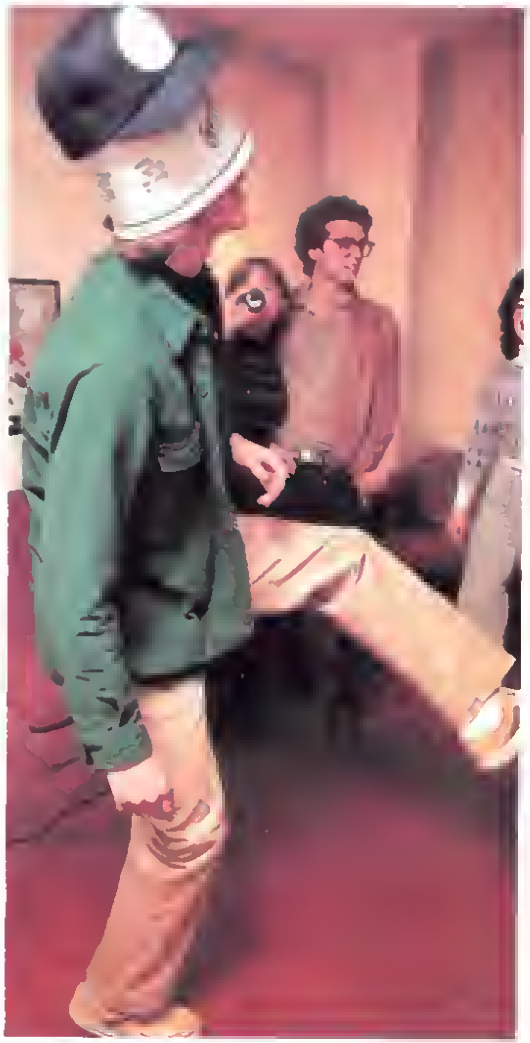
Talbott celebrated his brother Bob's birthday in February with an elaborate treasure hunt at their parents' house. The first clue, partly in Glinglish, was fastened to the back of a Grateful Dead button: "Her em*poryous* is surrounded by many brilliant knights. She sees as they grow and then retreats and gains strength."

That led to the front lawn, where another riddle was folded in the petals of a solitary daffodil. Bob and Sue, whom Mark calls the *elfie stumpletons*, which is long for "short elves," spent the next four hours wending through hills and glades outside Atlanta until they came to a ring of "power trees" on a ridge of Stone Mountain. Hidden in a mound of pine needles was a clue about a "*stysle* place" that pointed them back to the Talbott home. There, the final clue was tied with red cellophane ribbon to Zuma's tail. "My love for you blazes above all."

Buried under the gray ashes of the fireplace was a pouch bulging with silver dollars. Bob and Mark embraced and wept. It wasn't until after Mark left that the *stumpletons* counted their treasure—1,000 coins.

"Giving us silver dollars made it like it wasn't money," says Sue. "It's more like a toy."

"People often ask me when Mark's going to grow up," says Dave. "I'm not sure he ever will, or even has to. For all I know, he may pull it off forever." That would be *delicil*son with Mark. That's Glinglish for just fine. **END**



Neither mask nor bucket could disguise Talbott's delight after he won the North American Open in April.

Another local boy makes good

As his idol, Pete Rose, once did, Ron Oester stars for the hometown Reds

by Ivan Maisel

Like thousands of other kids in Cincinnati, Ron Oester grew up worshiping homegrown hero Pete Rose. "I used to pay two dollars to get in Riverfront Stadium," he says, "and sneak down to the $4 blue seats in leftfield just to watch Pete, who was playing left then. He would always throw a ball into the stands in the last inning, but I never got one. After the game, I would wait to get an autograph. I was bashful. I'd always be the last kid. I never talked to him. I was afraid to say anything. I'd just stick my pen and paper out."

Unlike those other kids in Cincinnati, Oester is now the Reds' second baseman, which happens to be another position Rose played. Furthermore, Oester is putting some Rosy numbers on the scoreboard, because at the end of last week he was batting .314.

Oester made the Cincinnati roster to stay in 1980, the year after Rose began playing for the Philadelphia Phillies. He requested—and got—Rose's locker. He puts his valuables in Rose's old lockbox. He gets his fan mail in Rose's old mailbox. Had enough? Rose's dad taught Pete to switch-hit when he was nine. Oester's dad taught Ron to switch-hit when he was four. Rose slides headfirst. So does Oester. Rose wears No. 14. Oester wore No. 14 in the minors, but now wears No. 16. "It wouldn't be right for anybody else to wear his number in Cincinnati," Oester says.

Oester still gets butterflies when he talks to Rose, though he's not above pointing out to his friends that Rose got hit No. 3,000 on May 5, 1978, which was also Oester birthday No. 22. "I'm still a little leery," he says. "When I saw him [last week in Philadelphia] and he said, 'You're off to a great start,' I didn't know what to say." When a photographer asked Oester if he'd mind posing with Rose, he calmly assented, but before the picture was snapped, he went to his best friend on the Reds, Catcher Dann Bilardello and said, "Hey! I get my picture taken with *Pete Rose*."

Actually, it's Rose who should be excited these days. Oester, who began the season with a .268 lifetime average, at week's end was hitting 70 points better than his idol. "He's having a fantastic start," says Cincinnati Manager Russ Nixon, who also managed Oester when he batted .219 in Tampa in 1975. After a dismal attempt at leading off last year, Oester has found his niche in the lineup. "I think I am a good sixth or seventh hitter," he says. "I'm a singles-doubles hitter. I'm not a home-run hitter [he has four]. I think I'm a better hitter with men on base. I concentrate more."

Oester never concentrated harder than in the second game of a May 1 doubleheader at Montreal. With the score tied 3–3 in the top of the ninth, Expo righthander Ray Burris intentionally walked Dan Driessen to pitch to Oester. Hitting lefthanded—through Sunday he was .350 from the left side, .214 from the right—Oester pulled a triple down the line to drive in two runs.

Until Oester came to Cincinnati, he had always been a shortstop, and good enough to twice make the American Association All-Star team. He switched to second because with Dave Concepcion a fixture at short for the Reds, it was the only way he was going to play in Cincy. "Second base is a lot easier position," Oester says. "You don't have to have as much range. If you drop the ball at shortstop, it's an error. At second, you can still get the guy out. I'd rather play short, but we have one of the best."

And now the Reds have one of the best second basemen. Reds Coach Tommy Helms, who won two Gold Gloves as a Cincinnati second baseman, says, "I don't know that anybody's quicker turning the double play than Ron. For a big guy [6′ 2″, 192], he's very agile. He's especially good coming in on the ball." And Rose says simply, "He's probably got the best arm of any infielder in the league."

Oester is a rarity, a late draft pick who made it to the majors. The first round of the June 1974 draft featured Lonnie Smith, Dale Murphy, Willie Wilson, Garry Templeton, Rod Scurry, Lance Parrish, Rick Sutcliffe and Rich Dauer. Only two other '74 ninth-round draft

continued

Despite his higher batting average, Oester doesn't mind taking a back seat to Pete.

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choices besides Oester (No. 215 overall) got to the bigs. "As you get past the first two rounds, it's a gamble," says Cincinnati Vice-President of Player Personnel Sheldon (Chief) Bender. "With choices of equal ability, you go with the local ballplayer. Oester didn't show exceptional speed. He had a great arm and good hands. It was a question of whether his bat would come around."

After batting .311 in rookie ball in '74, Oester couldn't hit a lick for Nixon in Tampa. But he improved his average for four consecutive years, finally batting .281 for Indianapolis in 1979. Oester had stopped hitting righthanded in his first year of pro ball because he couldn't get enough time in the batting cage, but he returned to switch hitting in 1977.

After Oester joined the Reds in '80 he didn't get a chance to become a regular until a July road trip to New York. "I was out the night before having a few drinks with a couple of teammates until 2:30 or three," he says. "Curfew was at one. I got about six hours' sleep. We had a day game. They put me in and I went 4 for 5. The next day we had a doubleheader and I went 4 for 7. I haven't been out of there since."

Oester's bat has been almost as big a surprise as the Reds themselves, who have been right around .500 this season after having been the worst team in the National League in 1982 (61–100). Oester is enjoying a comeback, too. After a hot start last season, his average sank to .189 for the month of July. He was benched briefly in favor of rookie Tom Lawless and, in a fit of frustration, started a scuffle with Outfielder Cesar Cedeño over a remark Cedeño made to him about not playing. They're friendly now. Upon returning to the lineup, Oester tried to hit more home runs; he did have five of his career-high nine last September, but also developed a loop in his swing and wound up striking out 82 times for the season. He finished at .260 and calls the year "the worst I've experienced."

When the season was over, he took refuge on his 72-acre farm outside Cincinnati with his wife, Jackie, and now-2-year-old Julianne (another member of the family is scheduled to arrive in August). "I've got three piles of wood I cut this winter, each of them 30 feet long and five feet tall," Oester says. "You can take out your frustrations cutting wood." Since the season began, he's been cutting down pitchers.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

The two most influential pitching coaches in the Atlanta organization—Bob Gibson, who works with the Braves, and Johnny Sain, who instructs the minor-leaguers—have theories as different as the fastball and changeup that were their respective trademarks during their ster-

> *"I'm sick and tired of you guys asking me about this [censored] ball park," said Milwaukee Manager Harvey Kuenn, referring to the Minneapolis Metrodome. "I'll give you an answer. Shove it up your [censored]. I don't want to hear another [censored] question from you [censored] Minneapolis writers about that [censored] ball park. Now print that. You guys from Milwaukee, don't print that. I don't want the people back there to think I swear."*

ling pitching careers. Johnny doesn't give a hoot about Gibson's ideas and Bob thinks some of Sain's are insane. Even so, they have combined to develop a formidable staff, which had the best earned run average (3.06) in the major leagues at the end of last week.

Gibson, in his second year with the Braves, wants pitchers to be aggressive, get ahead on the count and challenge hitters. Sain, who has been the minor league coach for five seasons, and has helped develop five of the 10 arms on the Braves' staff, emphasizes the value of outthinking batters. Gibson likes pitchers to train with weights during the off-season and to do plenty of running. Sain prefers that they eschew weights and run only when the urge arises.

"He pitches backward, like Sain teaches him," says Gibson of Rick Mahler, one of Johnny's disciples. "He pitches ball one, ball two and then goes after the batter. You can't do that."

"Sure, there are differences, but what's wrong with that?" Sain asks. "Shouldn't a man take the information available and use it the way he wants? In the end, they're going to pitch the way they want to, based on everything that's been taught them.

"What's aggressiveness? You can be aggressive through a change of speed. What are you going to do, try to overpower every batter? You take away the element of surprise if you do that. I was released four times when I was in Class D ball because I didn't have velocity. But in the end I made it to the majors, and I did it by throwing breaking balls and off-speed pitches."

On May 4, Mariner Public Relations Director Randy Adamack asked Manager Rene Lachemann to be in the dugout at 3 p.m. for an interview with a female reporter from a certain national weekly sports magazine. After the woman asked Lachemann a few questions, she clicked on a tape player. As the song *The Stripper* blared forth, she peeled off all her outer clothing. Only later did the startled Lachemann learn that the Mariners had decided to give him a unique present on his 38th birthday, delivered by a woman from Strip-A-Gram.

The man who gives the pay has the say. In Oakland, First Baseman Kelvin Moore and Shortstop Tony Phillips continue to hold starting jobs despite sub-.200 batting averages because President Roy Eisenhardt wants to develop players who can be signed to long-term contracts. "That's the only way to protect a franchise these days," says Eisenhardt. . . . In Philadelphia, Manager Pat Corrales

BALL PARK FIGURES

This info, compiled by Wayne Krivsky, assistant to the general manager of the Rangers, reveals just how many major league players have been developed by all 26 organizations. Krivsky has traced players' paths to the bigs and, where appropriate, given fractional credit to the teams involved in their progress. Everyone on the Opening Day 25-man rosters and disabled lists is included

		PLAYERS			PLAYERS
1	Dodgers	42	14	Angels	25⅝
2.	Pirates	40 11/12	15.	Tigers	25½
3	Mets	37⅛	t6.	Giants	24 11/12
4.	Reds	37	t7.	Padres	24⅓
5	Phillies	35¼	18	Yankees	24⅓
6.	BoSox	32 11/12	19.	Royals	23⅝
7	Cards	31½	20	Brewers	22⅝
8.	Rangers	30⅔	21	Indians	21
9.	A's	29⅝	22.	Orioles	20¼
10.	Braves	28⅛	23	ChiSox	16 7/12
11.	Expos	28	24.	Cubs	16
12	Twins	27 11/12	25.	Mariners	11⅛
13.	Astros	26 3/12	26.	Jays	5 7/12

would like to see veteran Reliever Tug McGraw handed his release, but President Bill Giles and General Manager Paul Owens won't go along. "We believe in Tug," says Giles. "He's done a lot for this organization."

Cincinnati's Cesar Cedeño, who has switched from centerfield to right, removed himself from the lineup in Philadelphia one night last week because his shoulders were sore from banging into fences. "I'm not having trouble judging the ball," Cedeño said. "I'm having trouble judging the wall. I had so much room in center and I'm still adjusting to right."

"That board is a disgrace," says Umpire Bruce Froemming of the big new Diamond Vision screen at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, where replays of controversial calls were shown recently. Harry Wendelstedt, the acting chief of that umpiring crew, went to Pirate Executive Vice-President Pete Peterson between games of a doubleheader and demanded that replays not be shown. Peterson acquiesced. However, Angel Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi said he would start showing replays in Anaheim. "We've protected the umpires long enough by not putting the replays on the board," said Bavasi.

California's Rod Carew, who hit .319 last season despite playing most of the way with three small fractures in his left hand, was batting an incredible .471 (48 for 102) at the end of last week. "The difference is that I'm swinging with good hands," Carew explained. "Last year I couldn't handle some of the pitches I'm hitting now. My hand was only 45% strong. I need my hands to hit. I'm not as strong as some other guys."

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOHNNY BENCH The Cincinnati third baseman was 11 for 21 (.524) with six runs batted in. One of his hits, a single to left off Philadelphia's Steve Carlton, was the 2,000th of his 16-year major league career.

"What are you trying to do, write me off?" said Atlanta's Phil Niekro to a writer. Niekro, who was 0–2 and had a 7.09 ERA at the time, added, "When I'm through, I'll know it." Dismal starts are

continued

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nothing new for Niekro, 44, whose career record for April is 25–35 and who only once in the last seven years has won a game before April 25. Then came May 1, and with it a 2–1 Niekro victory over the Mets. "It's been a long, long time since I threw that many knuckleballs," Niekro said. "I haven't been getting people out because I haven't been throwing the knuckleball enough."

Another oldtimer, Seattle's Gaylord Perry, 44, who hadn't pitched well in five of his first six starts, was told that if he wasn't effective last Friday night against Boston, his days as a Mariner would be over. After yielding two runs in the first inning against Boston, Perry settled down and left after 6⅓ innings with a 4–2 lead. Although the Red Sox went on to win 6–4, Manager Rene Lachemann felt Perry had pitched well enough to earn a reprieve. Pitching Coach Frank Funk wasn't convinced. "We made some good plays behind him and kept him out of trouble," Funk said. "I still have to wonder."

"I heard that Tony Perez might be through," said Philadelphia's Tony Perez, 40, who was batting .333 at the end of last week, with two homers and 21 RBIs. "I didn't think it was true. But first I had to prove it to myself. So I went to the winter league. I came out of there hitting and I haven't stopped." . . . Another Philadelphian, Mike Schmidt, used his head as well as his bat against the Reds last week. "The Reds' philosophy over the years has been to get strike one with the fastball, so I've been jumping out of my socks on the first pitch," said Schmidt, who was 7 for 10 in three games against Cincy. It was part of a 15-game tear during which Schmidt batted .451 and had 20 RBIs. Although Schmidt was pleased with those numbers, he felt that—hold on to *your* socks—much of his success stemmed from mere good luck. "I feel sort of like when you're playing golf and you hit the ball off a tree, it rolls on the green and you one-putt for a birdie," he said.

How much longer can Minnesota owner Calvin Griffith and struggling Reliever Ron Davis coexist? "I could get a fortune for Davis if I could waive him out of the American League and trade him to a National League club," says Griffith, who thinks he could swing a big deal with either the Astros or Expos. "I told George Brophy [the Twins' farm director] to put on his thinking cap and come up with some ideas on where we can get an everyday ballplayer for Davis. He can't help us the way he's pitching."

Detroit Catcher Lance Parrish sounded off about an eight-game hitting slump that lowered the Tigers' batting average from .286 to .259 and helped drop them into last place. "A lot of them are hitting defensively," Parrish said. "They're not going out there hacking. It looks to me that some people are afraid they're going to look bad swinging. I don't know what they've got to be afraid of." Parrish didn't name names, but the slumping Tigers include Chet Lemon, Lou Whitaker, Alan Trammell and Glenn Wilson.

Down in the White Sox locker room the players like a game called clubhouse hockey. During a rain delay last week, one fellow seemed particularly adept, drilling a backhanded shot between the legs of First Baseman/Goalie Mike Squires from 20 feet out. "I never really saw the [soft rubber] puck," said Squires. Don't worry, Mike, a lot of NHL goaltenders have the same problem with Edmonton's Wayne Gretzky. On a night off from the Stanley Cup playoffs he had dropped in on the Sox. **END**

YOU GOTTA HAVE HEARTBURN

Here's the best and worst culinary fare found at big league concession stands

THE WINNERS

1. ***MILWAUKEE BREWERS*** — Bratwurst, knackwurst, Polish sausage and three different kinds of hot dogs, smothered in barbecue sauce or sauerkraut. If you're slumming, try the broiled steak sandwiches and roast beef, stuffed into freshly baked French rolls.
2. ***ST. LOUIS CARDINALS*** — The chili dogs are a religious experience, with pizza that's positively Papal. Enjoy how the Frozen Spoon Malts turn into pure cream on the way down and then ask yourself why the Cardinals don't cater.
3. ***TEXAS RANGERS*** — The charbroiled sausages are in first place, and the ribs belong in the Hall of Fame. Everything except the soft drinks is basted in barbecue sauce, most notably the beef-and-cheese patties that have long since made Texans forget the Alamo.
4. ***ATLANTA BRAVES*** — Frankly, my dear, these are the only edible nachos in the major leagues, served with the smokiest franks in the South. If the homegrown chili isn't enough to make you whistle *Dixie*, the barbecued pork will.
5. ***NEW YORK METS*** — The magic is back, and it's all in the hot dogs. They aren't two feet long, they aren't doused with spices and they bear no cute names. They're just terrific. And save room for the crispy fries that have the fine color of a new glove.

THE LOSERS

1. ***KANSAS CITY ROYALS*** — The entire menu suffers from acute anemia. The franks are small and flavorless, the French fries taste like old horsehide and the potato chips squish. Perhaps the waterfall in rightfield explains why everything's soggy.
2. ***CHICAGO CUBS*** — The main attraction is the red-hot, which looks delicious and smells great. Now if only it had a flavor. The French fries have the consistency of loosely packed gravel. Most everything else is prewrapped, prefrozen, preheated and preawful.
3. ***BOSTON RED SOX*** — You may climb the wall if you bite into a dog here. Its not-quite-cooked quality will give you the impression it's about to do something unnerving—like sit up. As for the buns, if they contain any fiber, it's gotta be rayon.
4. ***DETROIT TIGERS*** — Tiger Stadium is one of the oldest ball parks in the major leagues — and the food is obviously left over from that first Opening Day in 1912. The franks are stale, the mustard is brown when it shouldn't be. Pack a lunch.
5. ***SAN DIEGO PADRES*** — Mealy, mushy hot dogs that disintegrate on sight, congealed condiments and nacho chips that are covered with pasteurized rubber cement. Altogether, about as appealing as a stomachache.

—Steve Kluger and Colleen Wilson

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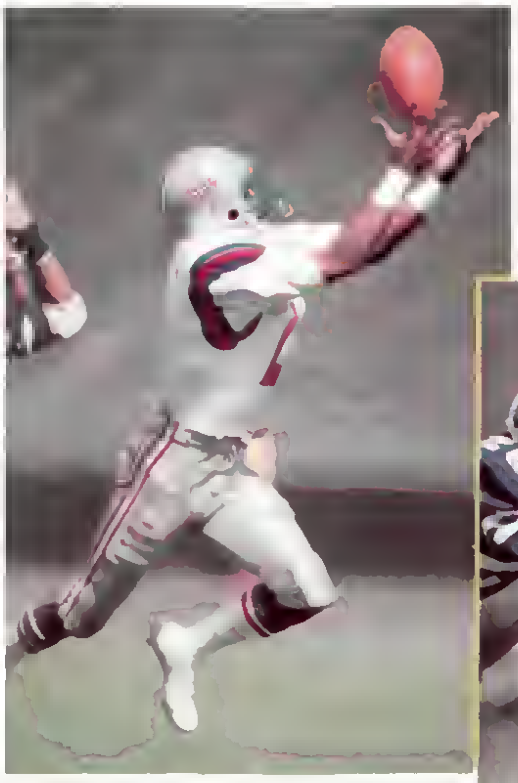

Fame can be fleeting, here one moment, gone the next. In this respect fame and Trumaine Johnson have much in common. Johnson, the speedball rookie wide receiver for the Chicago Blitz, is the most electric body in the Unusual Spring Football League (a.k.a. USFL). At 22, and after only 10 games of pro football, he's so accomplished, so exciting that even Blitz Coach George Allen—the same George Allen who used to regard rookies as cattle—has all but nominated Johnson for the Hall of Fame. "I've seen them all," says Allen. "I've coached some of the best. Trumaine is that kind. A faster Charley Taylor."

Johnson's league-leading 51 catches, for 759 yards, have helped the Blitz, a 31–3 winner over the Washington Federals last Sunday, to a share of first place with the Tampa Bay Bandits in the USFL's Central Division. And if his exploits this season have Allen pop-eyed, just imagine what younger generations think. "He's like Paul Warfield, a complete football player," says 36-year-old Blitz Quarterback Greg Landry.

"He's a combination of John Jefferson and James Lofton," adds Blitz Safety Luther Bradley, a five-year NFL veteran. "He executes with precision underneath. He can catch, and he's got that speed to go deep, plus size and moves. He's the package." Another Blitz defender says cattily, "Truth is, Anthony Carter is a good little player, but he can't carry Trumaine Johnson's shoes."

Carter is the three-time All-America receiver from Michigan who signed a $2.4 million, four-year contract with the USFL Michigan Panthers but is now tied for third in receptions on his own team. While Johnson's four-year contract contains goodies like the endowment of a four-year, $5,000-per-year scholarship fund at his alma mater, Grambling, and a $250,000 life-insurance policy, it pales beside Carter's. To the notion that he might have been a more valuable commodity had he played in the Big Ten instead of in the Southwestern Athletic Conference, Johnson flashes his brilliant smile. "If I knew what I know now when I left high school," he says, "I'd have done the same thing. I was a Grambling wingback, and that makes me part of a tradition."

Scouts don't time headlines, but they did get Johnson at a world-class 4.39 for the 40. That speed helped him to score 32 touchdowns in college. When the NFL had its draft last month, Johnson was the first USFL player picked, the San Diego Chargers selecting him in the sixth round. "Picking Johnson was strictly a bet on the come," says a Charger spokes-

Johnson's speed allowed him to outrun the Los Angeles Express for this deep throw.

man. "We like offense. Our feeling is that if something happens in Chicago, we've got the equivalent of a first-round choice."

Johnson signed in January with the Blitz because, he says, "Nothing in the NFL is guaranteed. You never know what city you'll go to. My decision wasn't based so much on the money as on the uncertainty. I wanted to play my game."

"Trumaine was always a playful child. He's always loved to play his games," says his mother, Clementine, who along with her husband, Hosie, a private contractor, raised Trumaine, his three brothers and three sisters—Trumaine is the next to youngest—in Baker, a village outside Baton Rouge. Trumaine was named by an aunt—Clementine's older sister Arabella—who had an appreciation for the euphonious.

At Baker High, Johnson was the MVP in football, basketball and track, a long and triple jumper/sprint relay runner and flanker-kick returner who scored 22.7 points a game as a basketball forward as a junior. In his senior year he missed half the football season after tearing a groin muscle and badly scarring his upper body in a motorbike accident. He recovered to average 23.7 points a game in hoops that year and received basketball scholarship offers from places like LSU and Louisville. "I only had a few football offers because of the accident," says Johnson. "But I wanted to follow in the footsteps of Charlie Joiner, Frank Lewis and Sammy White at Grambling. I wanted that association."

Lewis and White were both All-Pro in the sort of cold-weather cities—respectively, Buffalo and, in its pre-dome days, Minneapolis—that generally hamper receivers. Both played wingback in Coach Eddie Robinson's version of the wing T formation at Grambling and arrived in the pros well-schooled. White was NFC Rookie of the Year in 1976 with 51 catches, 10 of them for touchdowns. "Every year they came back to work out before going to their camps," says Johnson. "I worked with them and analyzed them."

"Everybody would come back by to make sure Trumaine knew what was going on," says Robinson. "Essex Johnson, Charlie Smith and Charlie Joiner, Sammy, Frank. Originally we thought of the wingback as a position for a receiver-runner. As soon as we saw Trumaine we knew he'd redefine it. On sweeps he'd wall-block the linebacker, deck him at times. He's quick, but very strong [at 6′ 3″, 185 pounds]. Then he'd make the great catch—I mean, something *different*. The position's been a tradition at our place, but Trumaine was so gifted and disciplined he just put the thing out of sight."

The 64-year-old Robinson would stay after practices and tutor Johnson on refinements—recognizing defenses, how to defeat the double team, and the use of body feints and speed as levers against aggressive defensive backs. "It would be just me and him, no passer, no defenders," says Johnson. One night last fall Robinson told a reporter, "Trumaine is the most exciting football player in America." The next evening Johnson scored three touchdowns on two receptions and a 64-yard punt return, in less than five minutes of the fourth quarter against Florida A&M to give Robinson his 300th career win.

Allen knew enough of this to trade three picks in the USFL draft for the Boston Breakers' first-round choice and to use it to select Johnson. In Chicago Johnson's roommate is fellow starting Wide Receiver Wamon Buggs, who was a final cut from the Lofton-Jefferson Packers last year. Buggs is a bright talent whose only problem has been his proximity to brighter ones. Johnson carried a quick screen pass 33 yards in the season opener, a 28–7 win over the Federals in Washington, only to fumble the ball into the end zone, where Buggs fell on it for the first touchdown in Blitz history. "I can't even get balls in practice," says Buggs. "I work with the second team just to see the thing. I figured once they started double-teaming and tilting the field his way, things would even out. But Trumaine keeps defeating the double team. Just eats it up. He stays open. What can you say about Tru?"

The temptation is to call him otherworldly—eel-like, pantherish—but that's misleading because his style is so intensely studied. His calves are tight balloons of muscle, and it bothers him when they are covered with fabric, so he lets his white socks hit them just below their billow. But league rules call for stockings to be pulled up to the knee. "Officials have already asked me to leave the game to fix my socks, but that takes something away from me," says Johnson. "I do all my own taping because if it's not right, I'm not right."

He's a quiet, friendly sort who doesn't gyrate in the end zone after scoring and who's a bit bemused by the crush of the Chicago Loop. He doesn't often venture downtown, preferring the solitude of his suburban apartment or the cockpit of his Mercedes-Benz 380 SEC. "I like being by myself," he says. "I'm not conceited. I just like myself. Nobody has to know about it, but it's important to me."

Johnson and Buggs are the Blitz's 2-1 punch on passes.

For now Johnson has no plans beyond the USFL. "San Diego is the kind of team I always wanted to play for," he says, "because the Chargers throw. Someday I'd like to test myself with the best, to see what my limitations are. But I could easily play here my whole career. It doesn't matter what quarterback I work with, or what defensive back I go against. I always play the same way. Even practice. I go all out on my routes. I can't help it. I think it was that past company."

The present company can't help being impressed. END

Bossy showed 'em who's boss

by E. M. Swift

Mike Bossy led the Islanders past the Bruins and into the Stanley Cup finals

Mike Bossy sat in front of his locker in the Nassau Coliseum last Saturday night, patiently answering questions, smoking a cigarette and basking in the afterglow of success. His four goals had just led the New York Islanders to an 8–4 victory over the Boston Bruins in the sixth and final game of their best-of-seven Stanley Cup semifinal series.

With his scoring burst, Bossy had finally lifted this series out of the ordinary and at the same time reminded the hockey world that there is someone other than the Edmonton Oilers' Wayne Gretzky who can dominate and electrify. Bossy had tied a record by scoring nine goals—including all four game-winners—against a Bruins team that had the best record for the 1982-83 regular season. Bossy had beaten all-star Goalie Pete Peeters with everything but a whisk—slapshots, snapshots, backhands and scrambles. And of his four goals Saturday, three were a result of Bossy's gaining such good position that he could have scored them with a mop.

The New York victory sets up what promises to be a classic pairing for the Stanley Cup—the Islanders against the Oilers. "Edmonton has a great young hockey team, and we're the three-time Stanley Cup champions," Bossy said. "Individually, I don't feel I have anything to settle with Gretzky. He'll do his thing and I'll do mine. But I do think the hockey world wanted our two teams to play each other."

Bossy's inability to "do his thing" in the early rounds of the playoffs had been of major concern to the Islanders as they entered the semifinals. Moreover, the Bruins figured to be the toughest opponent the Isles had faced in the 15 playoff series since they began their Cup string three years ago. They have, of course, won all 15, even more stunning is the fact that none has gone seven games.

Bossy was virtually the only Islander forward not to fall into a slump in the regular season as New York finished second to Philadelphia in the Patrick Division. He had 60 goals and 58 assists, but in the first two rounds of the playoffs he had struggled offensively, scoring just six goals in 10 games against the Capitals and the Rangers. Worse, he was negative in the Islander's plus-minus ratings—meaning that opponents were scoring often while Bossy was on the ice. "It was frustrating," he said after the Bruins series, "because the chances were there, but the puck just wasn't going in. Because I'm an offensive player, the team expects me to put some numbers on the board. But that doesn't mean I wasn't contributing. I refuse to say I was playing badly before this series."

With Bossy back on the stick, New York has a fine chance for Cup No. 4.

The line of Bob Bourne and Duane and Brent Sutter had led New York in scoring through the first two playoff series, but to knock off the Bruins all the Islanders would have to produce. During the regular season Boston, which finished with 110 points to New York's 96, had beaten the Islanders twice and tied them once, Peeters allowing only three goals in the three games. Peeters had the lowest goals-against average in the league (2.36), and New York and Boston were 1-2, respectively, in allowing the fewest goals during the season. It seemed likely that these games would be low-scoring, tight-checking affairs, with superb goaltending and nail-biting finishes.

It didn't work out that way. For some reason there wasn't a game in which both teams played at their best, as a consequence every game became a rout. The goaltending was awful as often as it was brilliant, partly because the checking wasn't tight. As for nail-biting, there were nails biting into flesh, but that was about it.

The Islanders split the first two games in the Boston Garden, winning 5–2 in the opener and then dropping Game 2 4–1, despite outplaying the Bruins. In Game 3 the reverse held true: Boston carried the play, but New York converted the goals, winning 7–3 in a game that was really closer than that. The same could not be said for the

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Peeters, here allowing a Nystrom goal in Game 4, proved to be a net loss for the Bruins.

HOCKEY *continued*

fourth game—the Islanders' best of the series. Leading 3–2 in the third period, New York, led by Bossy's hat trick, exploded for five goals in a six-minute span. There was Bossy snapping in a between-the-legs, backhand pass from Anders Kallur; Bossy rifling in a shot off a pass from Tomas Jonsson, Bossy busting past the Bruins' defense at top speed and backhanding a shot under the hapless Peeters. With the score 8–2, Boston Coach Gerry Cheevers motioned Peeters over and put an arm around his weary netminder. "How you doing?" Cheevers asked. "Great," was Peeters reply. He chose to finish the game.

Afterward Bossy, his scoring slump behind him, explained: "When the goals aren't coming, you start playing herky-jerky and you're not as smooth as you should be. Have I been watching tapes of myself? No way. I'd get too discouraged. But tonight I felt smooth."

As prolific as Bossy was, the balance in the Islanders' attack was the difference in the series. Eleven different players contributed goals for New York in the first four games. Of Boston's 12 goals in those games, 10 had been either scored or assisted on by the line of Rick Middleton, Barry Pederson and Mike Krushelnyski. And not only were most of the Bruins not scoring, they weren't checking with the intensity that had made them the dominant team in the NHL this season. During the regular season they had allowed just 23.9 shots per game at Peeters; in the first four playoff games the Islanders averaged 31 and scored at a whopping 5.25 goal average. "We can't afford to get into an equal-opportunity situation with them," Cheevers said before Game 5 in Boston last Thursday. "We've got to cut their scoring chances even if it means cutting down on ours."

Cheevers, who had called Bossy "probably one of the greatest snipers in hockey history," took drastic measures to stop the Islanders' right winger on Thursday. He ordered rookie Left Wing Luc Dufour to cover Bossy everywhere he went. "I asked him if he meant all the time or just when he had the puck," Dufour said afterward. "He said, 'All the time.' " Dufour, who had never before been assigned to shadow a man, stuck to Bossy like adhesive tape, occasionally grabbing onto Bossy's stick when Referee Wally Harris wasn't looking. "It was nothing subtle," Bossy said. "In the first period he could have been called for interference every time he was on the ice. There were no Tiger Williams tactics. It was just good clean interference, if you consider interference clean."

The Islanders scored first in Game 5 on a long, dipping shot by Bob Nystrom, but Boston came storming back with five straight goals in the first two periods. GET MAD AND GET EVEN exhorted one banner hanging from the balcony. POUND THE SUTTER SISTERS another said. The Bruins followed that advice to the letter. When it was all over they had outshot the Islanders 45–22, and left the Garden ringing with chants of "Tuesday night! Tuesday night!" in hopes of a Game 7. Afterward Keith Crowder, who had scuffled twice with the cantankerous Duane Sutter and emerged with scratches on his face, complained, "I haven't had a fight with a girl for a long time. He's got longer fingernails than my wife."

Said suddenly nervous Islander Captain Denis Potvin: "The Bruins aren't a team that doesn't want to go back to Long Island, figuring they can't win anyway. They're the league's first-place team, and if they win one game at a time they might get back in the series."

Which they might have done had they gotten some goaltending from Peeters Saturday night. It's difficult to recall a worse playoff series by a goalie of his caliber. True, he excelled in the two Boston wins, but in its four losses he allowed some atrocious goals that put them right out of the games. The Bruins wouldn't have been so good this season without him, but teams that live by the shield also die by it. And in Game 6, die they did.

With Boston trailing 1–0 early, Peeters misfired a clearing pass behind the net onto the stick of Bryan Trottier, who passed it to Bossy in front for an easy open-net goal. Then, after the Bruins fought back to 2–2, Peeters gave Brent Sutter the short side on a backhand shot. In the first minute of the second period Peeters fanned on a long shot by Bossy, and the rout was on. At the halfway point Bossy added a rebound goal and another off a long, confused scramble during which Peeters lost his stick. Sombreros littered the ice after Bossy's third and fourth goals. "I would have liked a fifth," he said afterward. "I've never had five goals in an NHL game."

For the series the Islanders had scored 30 goals in six games, quite different from the three goals they'd managed against the Bruins during the regular season. "We played like we thought we could go up and down the ice with the Islanders," said Boston General Manager Harry Sinden. "We can't."

The Oilers, however, can, which should make for the best final series in a decade. After eliminating the Bruins, Bossy said: "I heard a Boston fan screaming that we didn't deserve to be here because of the lousy regular season we had. We were sixth overall, but everyone looks at that as lousy. Well, we want to make up for it."

They already have. END

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The good, bad and ugly

Despite flaws, CBS outshoots its rivals in covering the NBA playoffs

by William Taaffe

They ought to rename the NBA playoffs on CBS "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly." The good guys are Dick Stockton and Brent Musburger, the excellent play-by-play men. The bad guy is the mumbling analyst, Bill Russell. As for the ugly, how about those documentary shots of Tree Rollins having a mid-game snack on Danny Ainge's right middle finger?

It hasn't been a flawless victory, but in NBA playoff coverage CBS has cleaned the clocks of ESPN and the USA Network, the two cable services that are also carrying postseason hoops. Among the reasons for CBS' supremacy are the knowledgeable Stockton, its top play-by-play man, and Musburger, who got cabin fever from having been in the studio the last two years and has made a temporary return to the booth. Stockton, a Cookie Rojas of the mike in that he acquits himself well at any position, is far less strident and verbose than in previous years. He and NBC's Dick Enberg have become the standards by which other basketball play-by-play announcers are measured. Meanwhile, Musburger has been a pleasant surprise. Where's the gushing of three years ago, the shilling for the NBA? Gone the way, presumably, of Musburger's list of nicknames such as C.J., D.J. and Chocolate Thunder. Musburger's new call of the game is concise and restrained. It's as though he peeked at his 1980 tapes and atoned.

The same can't be said for Russell. He's the Grover Cleveland of announcers, having been at this business on two different networks over two different terms, and he still makes you feel uncomfortable. Russell a) doesn't believe in enunciation, b) can't get out of a comment before the next basket is scored and c) can't be understood more than 50% of the time. He still comes up with precious nuggets—example: blocked shots merely indicate a breakdown in defense—but the gold mine is beginning to tap out. Sadly, the game seems to have passed him by. Kevin Loughery, the Atlanta coach who has been moonlighting in the booth with Musburger, does know the players and is a marked improvement over Russell, although both men rely on crutch lines to fill air time. Russell: "They've got to play better defense, Dick." Loughery: "That was a great shot by ——, Brent!"

CBS' work in the production truck, especially when Producer Bob Stenner and Director Bob Fishman are on hand, is excellent. Stenner and Fishman reported the Tree-Bites-Man incident from every angle, even showing replays the following weekend that suggested Ainge may not have been an innocent party.

All is not perfect in the replay room, however, where gluttony is the order of the day. Every TV crew covering the NBA, except the Stenner-Fishman team, force-feeds us replays at the expense of live action. Never mind that replays should only be shown next to commercials or just before foul shots; if producers have slick, computerized machines, they're jolly well going to play with them. One possible improvement: Use fewer replays of stock occurrences like dunks, most of which look the same anyway, and run more replay "packages" of off-the-ball movement, such as opposing centers manhandling each other.

USA owes its viewers a more impartial national team than Eddie Doucette and Jon Mc Glocklin, the Milwaukee Bucks' announcers during the regular season. Doucette came across as a shameless homer one night in the Celtics series. Al Albert, USA's East Coast play-by-play man, often sounds like Rich Little trying to do Al Michaels. ESPN announcers Roger Twibell and Sam Smith are, respectively, cliché-ridden and machine-like in turn. ESPN also relies on an insipid halftime feature called "Hot Shot," in which pubescent youngsters shoot baskets from various locations around the court. It's similar to H-O-R-S-E, but it's more akin to B-O-R-I-N-G.

The saving grace for ESPN is studio analyst John Andariese, who's certainly more candid and perhaps more knowledgeable than anyone else in TV now covering the NBA. Andariese had a two-game trial at CBS in 1977. Inexplicably, the network cashiered him. ESPN's and USA's coverage has come a long way in the last few years, but one Andariese and a few more cameras aren't nearly enough. The NBA title still goes to the big black eye. **END**

Russell is too slow and confusing, but Stockton has developed into a master of his craft.

SWIRLING SHADES OF GRAY

By permitting some integration in sports, as in this soccer game in Soweto, South Africa has created an illusion of progress where little change exists

BY CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED

The only way South Africa gets back into the Olympics is through the bush, with AK-47s.

—A KENYAN DELEGATE TO THE SOCCER WORLD CUP, MADRID, 1982

Every time we clear the high jump, they put the pegs a notch higher.

—A SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULAR OFFICIAL, NEW YORK CITY, 1983

Over the past 10 years, in newspapers throughout the U.S. and Western Europe, certain low-key advertisements have been appearing. Paid for by the South African government, they usually feature a bland message offering "information regarding progress and development in South Africa." A picture shows black and white athletes in competition together. It is captioned THE CHANGING FACE OF SOUTH AFRICA. If you respond to the invitation from the Minister (Information) of the South African Embassy in Washington, D.C., you might receive some South African government bulletins, such as No. 8/82, which is entitled *Multiracial Sport Is Taken for Granted.* This publication makes the claim, among others, that sport in South Africa is "multiracial" at all levels and that sports clubs are free to admit players and spectators "regardless of race, religion or politics." The clear inference is that the world is no longer justified in excluding South Africa from its great sporting occasions.

For more than a quarter century South African sport has been one long, drawn-out war, at its ugliest internationally in the violent demonstrations that have taken place from Scotland to New Zealand. It's a war that started with a shot that was scarcely heard around the world when, in 1956, the International Table Tennis Federation expelled the all-white South African Table Tennis Union but that, in 1964, led to the barring of South Africa from the Tokyo Olympics and suspension from FIFA, which governs international soccer.

By the late '70s, South Africa's sporting isolation was virtually complete, and for obvious reasons. Whatever sins and excesses were committed by other nations, South Africa, uniquely, had enshrined race discrimination in its constitution, which disenfranchised 80% of its population and bound those citizens in a cruel net of apartheid laws that, as a by-product, made normal sport impossible.

Slowly, though, and principally in the past four years, the government claims that, in the matter of sport at least, it has set its house in order. Most recently, early in 1982, it amended two keystones of apartheid, the Group Areas Act and the Liquor Act, insofar as they applied to sporting events. The first reform meant, for instance, that a white soccer team could go into a black township to play a game against blacks without needing a

Soweto's modern soccer stadium is off limits for these local black amateurs, whose weekly games are contested instead on this makeshift, dusty pitch.

permit. The second made it possible for players of different races to have a drink together after the game and to use the same locker rooms and toilets. Combined with earlier easing of government policy, these acts allowed teams themselves to be mixed racially.

Substantial reforms, you might think, but to many South Africans they have been merely cosmetic The dissenters charge that underneath, South African sport is still the mirror of an evil regime, but a mirror the government has distorted to confuse outsiders into believing that, while things aren't perfect, they are getting better and that South Africa deserves encouragement, not boycotts. And in one respect the opponents of the regime are right. Once in the country the outsider finds, at first anyway, that his preconceptions are tossed into a whirligig of motion and color that resolves itself into a gray, mazy pattern, like a TV with the tube blown

continued

Ngongoma, a member of the Jockey Club, says, "Racing has no color bar." But he lives at "C 15 25."

Because of all you have read, because the name of the place has become a symbol, you go first to Soweto. It's still very hot this Saturday afternoon in the southern hemisphere's late summer, so as you head west out of Johannesburg, past worked-out gold mines and through a kind of DMZ of empty, scrubby country, there's no sign of the great pall of smoke that, you have been told, hangs for much of the year over South Western Townships, a.k.a. Soweto, where, officially, a million and a half blacks live and, unofficially, many thousands more reside. Each tiny gray matchbox of a house sprouts a stovepipe to carry away the smoke of winter fuel. In most of Soweto there's no electricity.

But the streets are electric enough. Streaming down the dirt road that leads to Orlando Stadium are thousands of fans heading for the big soccer game, the local Orlando Pirates vs. the Iwisa Kaizer Chiefs for the Champion of Champions—their Super Bowl championship for all South Africa. On this afternoon Orlando is their Disney World. Joyfully they chant and sing the Orlando club song, *Baba Monomzana Sivulele Singene* (Sesame, Open the Door). It takes some effort to recall that the stadium is near the school where 10,000 black students demonstrated in 1976 and triggered more than a year of riots that left, it's thought, more than 600 people dead—no official figures were released.

By game time more than 55,000 people will be crammed into the stadium (capacity: 45,000), with thousands more left outside. Drums beat, not to the joyful samba rhythm of Brazilian soccer drums, but with the kind of menace that put 19th-century explorers off their campfire suppers. Entirely African, also, are the dancers. No cheerleaders these, throwing high kicks. These girls shuffle rhythmically in the dust, wishing, with their feet, a hard time on the Chiefs.

Which is what they got. The Pirates were 2–1 winners after a fast, skillful game. To the visitor, though, it wasn't just the caliber of the match that made the afternoon fascinating. The two players at the heart of the Pirates' defense, Stewart Lilley and Mike Lambert, were white. Another white kept goal for the Chiefs. The referee was white, as was one of the coaches.

And in that vast black assembly, there were more than a handful of white fans. One of them, Paul Miller from Jo'burg, claimed, "I'm here every week." He was somewhat breathless, having just detached himself from a dancing group of black Pirates supporters who were celebrating the win. "The world has got to look at this thing!" he gasped. "This is *real* multiracial! All those various councils on world sport that keep us out are a load of ——!"

After the big game on Saturday, of course, Miller would have had no reason to return to Soweto the following day. Had he done so, he would have seen two local black amateur sides playing in explosions of dust on a dirt strip less than 30 yards wide, cut out of an arid slope. One of the forwards came to the sideline limping and, engaged in conversation, showed only a bitter interest in Saturday's Pirates-Chiefs game. "That's all special," he said. "Those men are special pros, the whites help them. We have nothing. No training facilities, nothing." His voice rose angrily. "Look at it! Look at it!" he shouted, pointing at the seabby patch of earth. In a more normal voice he said, "The people here are crying." He didn't want to give his name.

Although he's the Springboks' lone nonwhite, Tobias is less than a hero for some "blacks."

Inevitably you are drawn to a pleasant, carefully spoken man, George Thabe, who is the president of the black South African National Football (i.e., soccer) Association.

He too is a worried man. He has just had word of an unpleasant incident down in Western Cape Province. There, on its way to play a black side, a colored (i.e., of mixed race) soccer team from Glenville had been turned back at a roadblock outside the black township of Nyanga, where the game was to take place. The police action was apparently illegal under the recent amendment to the Group Areas Act, of course, but that fact was of little comfort to the Glenville team when it met the rural Cape cops. "Nothing like this has happened for three years," Thabe insisted. Seated in his Johannesburg office, he was furious as well as worried. His association—indeed he himself—is a symbol of the government's new sporting look, of its new "multiracialism." Here he is, a black man at the head of one of the nation's most important sports bodies, directing a sport that could claim to be the most successfully integrated in South Africa. "In 1978," he said in a later conversation, "we decided that the only criterion for both players and officials should be performance. We were way ahead of the government. I should have been put in jail for some of the things I did before the government amended the law."

It was not only the Glenville incident, though, that worried Thabe. It was also the criticism, not from the government but from a group he refers to darkly as "those people," who, he says, "tell us to do nothing, boycott everything, polarize everybody, stop playing segregated sport. Well, we *did* stop the segregation in our sport, and now they're saying *that's* useless. They are politicians who are using sport as a tool. We say that sport is strong enough to bring change on its own. And there are results to show."

To discover just who "those people" are, you visit a house situated on the lower slopes of Devil's Peak in Woodstock, a colored section of Cape Town that overlooks the dockyards. Here a small, voluble man named Frank van der Horst offers you a soda and pink cookies and gives his views on Thabe and others like him who are involved in the promotion of multiracial sport—a weasel phrase, in van der Horst's opinion.

He is the newly elected president of the antigovernment South African Council on Sport—"those people"—hereinafter referred to as SACOS, and he does not mince words. "My organization," he says, "regards Thabe as a collaborator. He's part of the apparatus, a paid agent of the government. He plays right into their hands. The white racist soccer bodies struck a deal with Thabe and Co. He has been totally corrupted."

Craven, head of the rugby board, has criticized apartheid laws.

Twelve years ago, the government established what it called "umbrella" bodies to govern each sport with which, in its own words, "sports organizations of all population groups could affiliate. . . ." In soccer, for instance, the umbrella is the Football Council of South Africa, under which are gathered the Football Association of South Africa, a white body; Thabe's South African National Football Association, which is for blacks; and the South African Football Association, an organization for colored athletes. If all that is confusing, then, in the opinion of SACOS, it is meant to be so. SACOS was formed in 1973 as an alternative.

"Prior to SACOS," says van der Horst, "organizations had to be content to negotiate with white bodies and affiliate with them. What the whites were looking for were stooges to parade for outside consumption. The aim of the government is to fragmentize the whole country, and that includes sports."

SACOS created a series of alternative organizations for what it calls nonracial, as opposed to multiracial, sport.

Opponents of the regime, for example SACOS, claim that essentially nothing has changed in the apartheid concept, that its chains have been strengthened, while appearing, as in sport, to have been weakened. Thus, millions of blacks are officially no longer South Africans, but nationals of eight different "homelands" that they may never have seen, while coloreds and Asians are being courted with the promise of limited representation in government.

Hence, says SACOS, the separate bodies under the umbrella sports associations; hence, indeed, the much-bandied word "multiracial," which, if it is looked at closely, has nothing to do with mixing or integration but reflects differences. "It must be emphasized," writes Sam Ramsamy (of whom more later) in his book *Apartheid—The Real Hurdle*, "that the term 'multiracial sport' has a different connotation in South Africa from that in other parts of the world. The South African definition refers to the bringing together of various racial groups for specific sports events where individuals are identified according to the racial label which *apartheid* attaches to each and every person in South Africa. Sports . . . thereby [become] 'inter-racial' or 'multi-racial' rather than non-racial."

North of Durban, in the province of Natal and, as always, separate from the

continued

Ramsamy runs boycotts from a London cellar

city, is a black township called Kwa Mashu. There resides Vincent Ngongoma, 44, a Zulu who would seem a perfect example of what the South African government says it is trying to do to open up sport racially. Ngongoma is the first black in Natal, and the second in the nation, to become a member of the Jockey Club of South Africa and be awarded his own colors as a racehorse owner. He lives above one of his six food stores, the Zamokuhle Trading Centre, and his address is, in the curt way of South African townships, C 15 25.

His business has enabled him to become the leading black thoroughbred owner-breeder of South Africa, and on this sunny morning he is heading the 45 miles to Pietermaritzburg to inspect two horses in which he has half shares.

On the drive out he's eloquent about the way he has been treated by the Jockey Club. "Racing has no color bar," he says. "As an owner I get into the most exclusive areas of the clubs. My badge makes me welcome wherever I go." At Victory Lodge, where his horses are stabled, he is treated deferentially by the white trainer's wife. He's a prosperous and successful man.

But he still has to go home to C 15 25. He isn't allowed to move to another township unless it is designated for blacks. And while he may have the freedom of the clubhouse in Durban, his fellow Zulus are still segregated in a special section at the track.

To meet another nonwhite South African sportsman who has done well under the new dispensation, you must head from Cape Town over the Hottentots Holland Mountains by way of the tortuous Sir Lowry Pass to the town of Caledon, or, more properly, the colored township that lies outside it.

This is the hometown of Errol Tobias, the first, and so far only, nonwhite to wear the green and gold colors of the Springboks, South Africa's national rugby side. His first words when you locate him are, "No politics, O.K.?"

He is understandably gun-shy. To play for the Springboks is the ultimate honor in the nation's sport, because for white South Africans, the Dutch-descended Afrikaaners especially, rugby is the undisputed glory game. Tobias is the government's prize exhibit in its multiracial sports presentation. In his position it was hardly a surprise that he spoke in support of the Establishment.

This was in his own rugby trophy room, in a house elegantly constructed and furnished, a world away economically from the cabins of most of his townsmen. Rugby Union is an amateur game, but, as he says, "Any Springbok who is a businessman is going to do well." He has a construction company employing 20 men. He has made it in the toughest area of South African sport, and sees himself as just a forerunner.

"In five or six years," he says, "the whole Springbok back division will be blacks. They have the speed from the mark, the jinking, the sidesteps. We're not very big, but we have speed and quick hands." Tobias is thinking here of his own colored people, not blacks as such. "There's no reason now why the Springboks shouldn't play in other countries. When they first boycotted us, they said, 'Look, we want you to play mixed teams. Use the blacks.' And that's been done. They can't expect to see eight or nine blacks on the side at this stage, but I think they should give us the chance to play now."

For only a moment he reveals what it must feel like to be a South African sportsman abroad, and his own feelings of isolation on the team. "I was alone with the Springboks in New Zealand," he says, suddenly and simply. That tour, in the summer of 1981, sparked some of the most violent anti-apartheid demonstrations yet, and he had been widely derided as a kind of Uncle Tobias figure. "Some games," he recalls, "we had to sleep in the stands the night before them." That was because the team's safety could not be guaranteed in hotels.

Later, for a workout, he heads up to the field where his colored home team, the Caledonians, plays. At first the visitor assumes that this is just a sort of practice ground, so primitive it is, with the unpainted goalposts obviously lopped down and trimmed in the nearest wood, but it *is* the club's home. It is a far cry from Loftus Versfeld in Pretoria or Ellis Park in Johannesburg, those magnificent national shrines to white South Africa's worship of rugby, but Tobias doesn't apologize for it.

continued

Van der Horst is the leader of the in-country dissidents.

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And, indeed, he can still say, "The coaching for colored boys is better now than the whites get. A lot of young talent is coming along. In the last six or seven years, Danie has done some wonderful things for colored rugby."

You take another drive out of Cape Town, this time to the University of Stellenbosch, idyllically placed in a town of colonial Dutch houses at the heart of the wine-producing region of Western Cape Province. There you meet the redoubtable Dr. Danie Craven.

Craven, a hale man in his 70s, wearing a business suit—he explains he has to attend a cocktail party later—is imparting some wise words to the forwards on the college side, enormous young whites who are practicing the rugby scrum, pushing against a formidable pile of rocks set up on a wood frame.

Since 1956 he has been president of the South African Rugby Board, and thus the most important sports administrator in the nation. He's a man of such gruff charm that even his most outrageous remarks are qualified by the good humor with which they are uttered

As when, for example, he says, "The Zulus, the Swazis, the Xhosas; it's almost impossible to bring them together. They speak different languages, have different religions, different magic beliefs. The clans fight one another. You know, 'I'm a Lion Man, you're an Ape Man.' "

Then he says just as unequivocally, "In sport there's no apartheid! No! My rugby board is autonomous. The government cannot tell me what to do, as it could at one time. Since 1979, anyone can play with whom he wants."

The subtle old man, you soon realize, is only testing you. He is more complex than you would have suspected, and honest, too. "There was a time," he tells you, "when we were not even *aware* that blacks and coloreds were playing rugby. Or any game. Because to us it didn't matter. There was no friction. We were the bosses and they were the servants. There's no doubt that South Africa has been wrong in many ways. And what we have, we brought on ourselves."

Then he's teasing you again. "You people outside know more about the apartheid laws than I do," he goes on. "I have never taken any notice of them. I've detested them, and I've said so openly." He claims that when he became president of the rugby board he started to work to bring blacks and coloreds into his sport, but that not until the last six or seven years did the changes in government policy permit him to set up coaching plans involving nonwhites. Everything is not perfect, he says, and it is the implementation of the government's reforms, especially in the small farming communities, that is still a problem.

"Our clinics now," Craven explains, "take us right into the hinterland of South Africa, into the highly conservative country districts, the tough areas." But the little *dorps* (country towns) and municipalities away from the big cities fight a bitter resistance movement even toward multiracial sport, as Craven knows full well Last year in the East Rand, 15 white schools boycotted his own Craven Week Rugby Tournament because it involved nonwhite sides.

"Because of our history," he admits, "there are some white schools that won't participate in our program. The others who don't come are our enemies, the SACOS people. They refuse to let their children play against whites.

"I wish I could meet that Sam Ramsamy," Craven says suddenly. "But he'll stay clear of me."

A lot of people in South Africa would like to meet Sam Ramsamy, but he's safe in London, chairman of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, SANROC, with its links to the influential Supreme Council for Sport in Africa and the United Nations' Centre Against Apartheid.

And to the truly *verkrampte* (racially hard-line) South African white, though not to the pragmatic Dr. Craven, Ramsamy is everything from a representative of the Politburo, financed by Moscow gold, to the worst kind of traitor. It might be instructive for them to see the London base from which he works, a tiny, cluttered office in the basement of a cheap hotel in the Marble Arch district.

Ramsamy's own sporting credentials are impeccable. He is 43, small-built but square-set, by race an Asian but preferring to be called black. (In the interests of nonwhite unity, most activists against the

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Rasool (left) heads the SACOS-affiliated Durban Golf Club, with the best facilities for blacks in South Africa.

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Champion Anita Giguel trains in two lanes of a public pool.

government's apartheid policies now refer to themselves as black, be they Asian, colored or native African.) In Ramsamy's native Durban, unconcerned with politics at the time, he represented Natal Province in track—black Natal, of course—in the 100 yards. Later he became national coach of the (black) South African Swimming Federation. Only gradually did the indignities imposed on his race translate themselves into his present political stance. "We'd be herded into a corner of the field for a soccer match," he recalls. "We had to urinate in the gutters. All the facilities were for whites.

"I had some very good swimming kids under my care," he says, "but I could see what a low ceiling there was for their achievements." By this time he was lecturing in a teachers college, and his views had started to form. "In '71," he says, "I was President of the Natal High Schools Athletic Association, and the government had set up big celebrations for the anniversary of the founding of the republic. So secretly I organized the high school kids in a boycott of the festivities, which became a shambles.

"I thought I'd gotten away with it," he goes on, "but the following year I didn't get the tenure I was expecting, and my white head of department—he's dead now, so I can mention him—went to inquire, came back and said, "Sammy, get out of the country. The police are investigating you and the boycott."

With hindsight, the police might wish they had left him alone, for Ramsamy outside the country is a far worse scourge to the apartheid system than he would have had the power to be if he had stayed home. That basement office in London fuels many of the international boycotts South Africa suffers from, and it's certainly the intelligence-gathering center for the U.N.'s Special Committee Against Apartheid and its special blacklist of international athletes who have taken part in South African sport.

Meantime, within South Africa, Ramsamy's chief concern is about that shade of gray, that blurring effect that, he and his allies say, is merely a government tactic to bamboozle the world. His worry is all the greater because of the tendency of many nonwhite South African athletes, and especially the more highly skilled ones, to play in the well-sponsored government-backed sports system for greater rewards and recognition, and to turn their backs on the generally impoverished and unsponsored SACOS leagues.

It turns out to be surprisingly easy, in the maze of South African sport, to miss your turn. Golfers may recall the name of the late Sewsunker (Papwa) Sewgolum, Pappy to all, whose career came to a peak in the entirely *verkrampte* days of the '50s and '60s. Pappy, an Asian, was the best nonwhite golfer the nation had ever produced and, in the opinion of some, the best golfer in the country at that time. In 1963, after he had won the Dutch Open in '59 and '60, and after much international protest, he was finally permitted to compete in the South African Championship. He placed second to Retief Waltman, but wasn't permitted to use the locker room or the clubhouse, or even to appear at the awards ceremony.

Recently, it seemed that similar treatment was being given to a young and promising golfer, an Asian like Pappy and known, perhaps not coincidentally, as Peppy Govender. Reportedly, he had been barred from the Port Shepstone Country Club in Natal, where he had regularly played, after a club official had seen him about to tee off in a match with another Asian and two whites.

Govender is a rural teacher. He has no phone and was unreachable on this occasion, but one was told that in Durban he has a friend, another young Asian teacher living in the city, who could speak for him. He turned out to be Rowan Ramtahal of the Central Durban Golf Club and, oddly, he seemed at first to dismiss Govender's problem. "He's, well, just outspoken," said Ramtahal. "He just went out and had some unfortunate exchanges with the whites."

He was eager, though, to stress his own

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Annette Cowley must be content with trophies; HNA will not recognize her national records.

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racial loyalties. "I caddied for old Pappy, did you know that?" he asked. "He used to change in a car. They wouldn't let him use the clubhouse. Of course, there's no way that would happen today. We have five black players on the Sunshine Circuit. They have their cards. Uh, of course, they wouldn't have the same privileges on ordinary weekends. It would depend on the clubs. . . ."

His voice grew more confidential. "There are waves, you know. We are weathering a stormy point. Cutting South Africa off from international sport does not help. My club has to use municipal courses now, but when we have our own we will affiliate to a white association. The talent we have is un*real*, man," he said, and issued an invitation to see it in action the following morning.

The date at the Papwa Sewgolum Municipal Golf Course turns out to have an embarrassing start. Innocently inquiring for Ramtahal, you get the deep-freeze treatment from a group of golfers about to start a round. It takes a talismanic note from Ramsamy in London before you are accepted by what turns out to be the SACOS-affiliated Durban Golf Club, a body which uses the same public course as Ramtahal's group but which regards the latter with contempt.

Lambie Rasool, president of the SACOS-led club, is eager to erase any gray shadows. "Whatever you are told," he says, "there are only five courses in South Africa really open to blacks. You'll hear that other clubs are open, but you won't be told how there suddenly becomes a six-year waiting list and about the Liquor Law problems in clubhouses."

Rasool walks his visitor to a small, single-story building that contains shower stalls and lavatories for both sexes, but nothing else. "What you are viewing," he says grandiloquently, "is the most modern clubhouse for blacks in the nation. Our original course," he says, pointing eastward, "was over there. The government expropriated it to build a railroad, and they promised to compensate us with 400,000 rand [a rand is worth around one U.S. dollar] for a new clubhouse. What we got was this. It cost 28,000 rand. . . . How much gets spent on those tournaments in so-called Bophuthatswanaland, in Sun City? Two million?"

Meantime, Ramtahal is nowhere to be seen, and Rasool leads his members off for their morning's sport. The group includes one white, whose request not to be named or photographed is hereby honored.

This is sensible of him. SACOS is a legal organization, but it is subject to constant police surveillance and to harassments, major and minor. When he took office Rasool found that business fell off sharply at his garage.

Morgan Naidoo, the president of SACOS until this past March, suffered a five-year "Banning" sentence in 1973. There are various forms of banning, including confinement to quarters at night and for weekends; surveillance; being forbidden to write anything, even a diary; or essentially house arrest. In this case Naidoo was banned from publishing anything, being quoted anywhere, and from attending "meetings" of more than two people. It's thought that this was because he published an article on discrimination in sport and gave evidence to the Federation Internationale de Natation Amateur (FINA), the world governing body of swimming, in favor of South Africa's expulsion from that body, though he himself can't be certain. "They don't have to give a reason," he says.

Van der Horst had spoken of petty harassments experienced in Cape Town. Last fall, for instance, SACOS announced a week-long Festival of Sport there. Suddenly thousands of leaflets appeared giving false dates and venues for the events. Then the Cape Town City Council took a stand. "They knew we'd booked a stadium for a big rugby game on the Saturday night," van der Horst says. "We'd booked it in March, for October. Then, only just before the event, we were told there had been a double booking, that the Girl Guides had arranged a jamboree there for the same evening. Eventually we played. We had to wait for the Guides to finish and had to clear up after them, and we had only 10,000 there when it should have been a full house [35,000]. Another time we planned a cycling event. Three days ahead of it the City Council dumped 40 tons of topsoil dressing on the road surface. You realize," he adds to the slightly

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It's "nearly impossible," Howa says, for a nonwhite child to compete on equal footing with whites.

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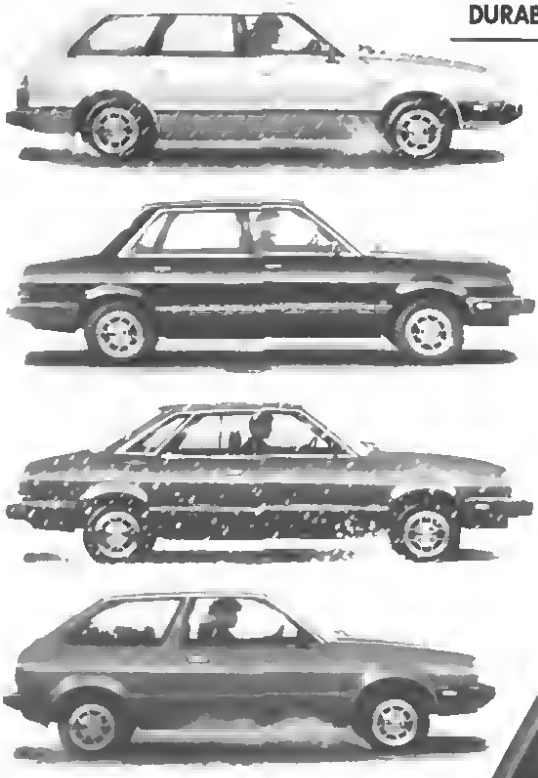

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startled visitor, "that it's known *you* are with me this morning."

There are white casualties, also, in the South African sports war. Switch the scene now to Bellville, a leafy suburb of Cape Town, bright with bougainvillea, a symbol of white affluence, and give yourself the pleasure of meeting Annette Cowley, a bonny, bright and, of course, white 16-year-old swimmer who this spring came home from the national championships at Bloemfontein with six gold medals, one South African record and, in the 200-meter obstacle race (part of the South African Lifesaving Championships), a world best, bringing the time down from 2:23 to 2:15.

But her achievements count for little. "We're not allowed . . . I mean, South African times aren't accepted by FINA," Annette says hesitantly. South Africa was expelled from FINA 10 years ago. "Isn't it *unfair*?" It's just *stupid*," she says, employing what you feel is the most pejorative word she knows.

Four years ago she had taken a trip to Midland, Texas, for five weeks of intensive coaching, and there she had been told that, if she could have stayed a year, she would have made the U.S. nationals. But her citizenship would still bar her from both the Olympics and the FINA world championships. "It's hard that politicians rule sports," she says. "I figure I'm just outside the top 25, world class, in the 100-meter freestyle. I love swimming and I won't give it up because I'm blocked off this way. All I can do is try to set world records. If you get one, you've got it. How can they say differently?"

Well, Annette, they can and they do, and you might well understand why if you had happened to travel with your visitor, a few days later, to the Balkumar Singh Swimming Baths at Asherville, in

continued

BREACHING THE BARRIER OF THE BOYCOTTS

South Africa's campaign to become part of world sport again has been double-pronged. While at home the government has concentrated on easing some of the petty apartheid laws and on developing "multiracial" sport, on the international level it has used a more direct method—the spending of a great deal of money, mainly in luring foreign athletes to break through the web of international boycotts.

The source of the money is often clouded. For example, South African Breweries, one of the nation's biggest industrial groups, and its subsidiary company, Southern Suns Hotel Group, undoubtedly are major paymasters. The latter especially is involved in boxing and golf promotions in Sun City, a 5-year-old Las Vegas-like development in the "independent" homeland of Bophuthatswana. (A side effect is that this gives an aura of legitimacy to the homeland concept.) South Africa's Progressive Federal Party, white and in a minority in Parliament, has accused the government of siphoning state funds into Southern Suns. That charge has been denied.

Until this year, though, results had been no better than mixed. Athletes as celebrated as John McEnroe, soccer's Franz Beckenbauer and world heavyweight champion Larry Holmes have reportedly refused huge sums to appear, and some of the "tours" have been disasters. Last year's visit by an "international" soccer team aborted halfway through when black pro teams like the Kaizer Chiefs and the Orlando Pirates refused to play it. Also last year, a tour of Sri Lankan cricketers lost half a million dollars.

Only a little more successful was a 1982 "rebel" team of English cricketers, dubbed "The Dirty Dozen" by their own press. Each received $110,000 for six weeks' play, but all were subsequently banned from representing their country for three years. That had unfortunate side effects for the English national team. Badly depleted by the bannings, it took last place in Australia in February in a kind of World Series of the cricketing nations.

But who would have dared forecast that, even while the English team was being pummeled Down Under, undercover negotiations were going on for an *all-black* West Indian team to undertake a blitz series of 12 games in five weeks in South Africa? At the start it was a cloak-and-dagger story with the side—not the official West Indies team but one containing such stars as Colin Croft, one of the fastest bowlers in the world—assembling in secret in Miami for the flight to Johannesburg.

Even as the program was being announced, it still seemed as if this would be The Tour Least Likely to Succeed. Wouldn't there be black demonstrations, or at any event a boycott? And would hard-line whites be equally insulted?

The answer was no, twice over. For the boycott breakers the tour was a huge success. Though there had been no advance publicity, almost a quarter of a million South Africans paid $1,250,000 to watch. Most were white, but there was no trouble and there was significant black attendance—around 15%. Even such staunch opponents of the government as Hassan Howa confessed he couldn't resist watching the series on TV.

Howa felt that many nonwhites went to games simply in the hope of seeing blacks outplay whites. Even as the tour was announced, at the U.N. in New York a West Indian, Besley Maycock, was chairing yet another meeting of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Drafting of an International Convention Against Apartheid in Sport. It has been working for five years to create an unbreachable, U.N.-backed *cordon sanitaire* around South African sport. "We are still bogged down on Clause 10," he said.

He was angry that of the 18 West Indians who materialized in Johannesburg, nine were from his native island of Barbados. Later, in his office, he said, "Of course they will never play cricket in the Caribbean again." What happened, though, was that the Barbadian players slipped home with their $110,000 paychecks, and the Barbados Cricket Association has yet to make a decision as to whether they will be banned.

One sanction remaining in the hands of Sam Ramsamy's SAN-ROC and the U.N.'s anti-apartheid committee is the so-called blacklist—the "Register of Sports Contacts with South Africa"—updated twice a year, which seeks to have athletes banned from international competition if they "collaborate" with the South African government by playing in that country. Mostly they are connected with sports like cricket and rugby, because of South Africa's heritage of English games, but the latest list includes Americans Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino and Billie Jean King, and they could soon be joined by Chris Evert Lloyd and Andrea Jaeger, who are scheduled to play in South Africa this month.

Meanwhile the anti-apartheid Commonwealth Games Federation Code of Conduct, which applies only to the British Commonwealth countries, appears to be wobbling. In March it was declared virtually moribund by the Central Council for Physical Recreation, an advisory body of British sport, in spite of the dangers that implies for the 1986 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh.

Internationally, then, at the moment, with the U.N. bogged down with the increasing impatience of even liberal-minded sportspeople with the arguably antilibertarian blacklist and, above all, because of South Africa's apparent determination to keep the cash flowing, the conclusion has to be that South Africa has a slight lead over the boycotters. —C.G.

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an Asian section of Durban. You would have met another fine young South African swimmer, colored and, like yourself, 16. Her name is Anita Giguel. She has also won everything she has been allowed to win, but she has hit the racial barrier. Understandably, she's shyer than you are when it comes to speaking with a white, and mostly she lets Aslok Patel, president of her SACOS-affiliated swimming association, do the talking.

"Anita," Patel says, "has been swimming for Natal Province since she was nine. She was swimmer of the year four times successively, from '78 to '81. But," he adds significantly, "she doesn't swim against whites."

"The whites would like her to swim against them," he says, "but that would give them credibility. No black school in Durban has a pool," he says, "and look what we have here. This pool is municipally owned, *only* 25 meters long, built in 1955 to serve a community of more than 200,000. For serious practice we are permitted two lanes, 40 swimmers, for two hours each evening. It would therefore be an unequal contest."

Now Anita is confident enough to speak. "You can't beat records in 25-meter pools," she says. "The whites have exercise machines, heated pools. They train through the winter. All I can do here, when *it* gets down to 12 degrees [mid-50s F], is run on the beach and swim out to the shark nets."

Anita might be surprised to learn that Cape Town has only one heated pool for whites; but it's unlikely that she would sympathize, even though *in a* sense she has the same goal as Annette—to head to the United States and practice her sport freely. "I'd like to go to college in Miami. I have an application form," she says. "I'd study phys ed, then come back and teach."

Surprisingly, there's a guarded sympathy for the white girl's frustration from Hassan Howa, a gentle-mannered man of 60 who is an elder statesman in the struggle against apartheid in sport. Howa, currently president of the South African Cricket Board, was president of SACOS from 1977 to 1981 but now is a bit removed from it. "I feel badly about Annette," he says when the topic is broached. "I haven't got it in me to hate white people, certainly not this little girl. That is not the way I would like pressure to work. But what she is getting is the backlash from what the government is doing, from the years of repression of black sport."

"Whatever facilities they make available, when a child comes to be coached in any sport and he's not white, there's an imbalance which makes it nearly impossible for him to compete with a white child, an imbalance in nutrition, education and psychology. A black kid in a township is only going to see a white when he comes *in* an *official capacity*, someone who threatens his parents, an inspector of passes, for instance. Now take this kid and put him with white children. He's *afraid*. A white person is authority. How can he compete? He has no shoes to go to school, let alone running shoes. His father, down in the mines, is earning about 140 rand a month now, and the poverty level is around 350 rand. You don't want us to mix politics with sport?" he asks ironically.

He swiftly discards any notion that the black in South African sport is in the same position U.S. blacks in the South might have been in 50 or more years ago. Howa says, "Here it is legislation, the constitution, that keeps them down. In the U.S. it was mainly tradition—and you can fight against that." A parallel strikes him. "Marian Anderson," he says, drifting away from sport, "a voice that comes once *in* 10,000 years. If she had been South African she would never have seen a concert hall."

In its legal system, Scotland allows a jury to return a verdict other than the familiar "guilty" and "not guilty." It is simply "not proven," and in the end, perhaps cravenly, the visitor would like to take refuge in some such phrase to assess South Africa's record in regard to the recent changes *in* the laws that govern its sport. It is certainly true that the lot of the first-class black athlete has improved, that he has an entrée to national and provincial sides he never had before. At base, though, nothing has significantly changed. Hassan Howa's now famous phrase "No normal sport in an abnormal society," uttered in 1977, is still relevant.

In Cape Town, Sue Cowley, Annette's mother, had poured Earl Grey tea into delicate cups. "When the government changed the law," she said, "we invited the coloreds to join our club. Only two or three came. I think we were about 20 years too late."

Recently, in New Delhi, Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the International Olympic Committee, said, "We decided two years ago that we would consider sending a fact-finding mission to South Africa, but we didn't set any date. We will certainly wait until after the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. After that we will decide whether it is the right time . . . to see what changes have taken place." **END**

At Rome in 1960, South Africa's last Olympics, Malcolm Spence (right) was third in the 400 meters, behind Otis Davis of the U.S. and Carl Kaufmann of Germany

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First Person

by GRADY JIM ROBINSON

SILENT GEORGE WAS THE LAST WORD IN GOOD HOSTS AT THE WORLD SERIES

"We've got one last chance," I mumbled to Kenny Kaaiohelo, my old college pal, who had just driven 10 hours and 500 miles from Edmond, Okla., with his two sons, Jason and Jared, to see the sixth game of the 1982 World Series in St. Louis.

"What's that?" Kenny asked, flashing his Hawaiian smile, trying to remain chipper and upbeat about my not being able to come up with the tickets I'd promised.

I glanced at the Goodyear blimp hanging above Busch Stadium. Even its drone as it fought the strong winds seemed to be a growl directed at me.

Jason, 12, and Jared, 10, apparently unconcerned about our lack of tickets, talked excitedly as we walked past NBC equipment trucks, souvenir vendors and calm Clydesdales, which would later steal the show by pulling Gussie Busch into the stadium on a beer wagon. Rabid fans were already streaming from the parking lots chanting, waving pennants, buzzing in anticipation of a Redbird comeback against the Brewers, who led the Series three games to two. Although tickets were hard to find, I had been able to get them for two of the home playoff games with the Atlanta Braves as well as both of the Series games already played in St. Louis. But now things looked bleak.

"Well," I said halfheartedly, not very hopeful about my last shot, "I met George Hendrick the other night."

"Hendrick," Kenny snapped, "you mean *the* George Hendrick, the Cardinal rightfielder?"

My one brief meeting with Silent George had occurred in a rather unusual way. On the night of the first National League playoff game in St. Louis against the Braves, I was working at the local Playboy Club as a standup comedian. The crowd was sparse, and like everyone else in St. Louis, the members of my audience seemed to be pooped from the long day of rain and game delays and, finally, cancellation. But, despite the lack of enthusiasm in the nightclub, Hendrick and his two companions apparently enjoyed the show, and later they invited me to join them at their table, where we talked about baseball and comedy and laughed about the horrors of performing either athletically or comically in front of hostile crowds.

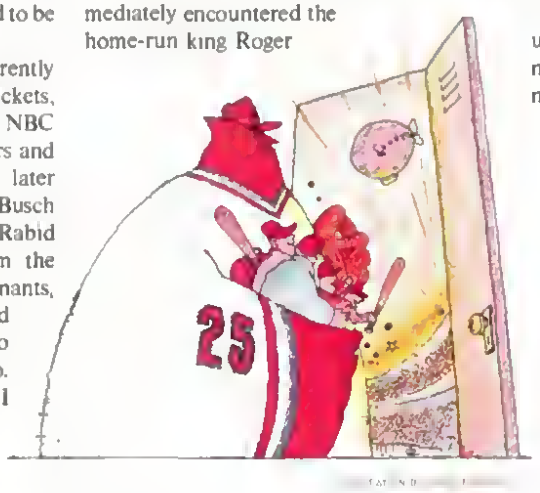
"I thought he wouldn't talk to the press," Kenny said.

"I'm not the press, I'm a fan," I replied. "And he said if I got to a Series game to give him a call in the locker room, and he'd have me down to meet some of the guys."

"Will he have extra tickets?"

"I doubt it."

The stage was set. At exactly 5:11 p.m. we entered the Cardinal office on the street level at Busch Stadium. Determined to appear confident, I walked briskly toward the World Series temporary reception desk and immediately encountered the home-run king Roger



Maris and sportscaster Joe Garagiola. Pausing very briefly to catch my breath, I moved through the crowded room. Because I'd urged Kenny and the boys to drive the 500 miles and because I was the guy who hadn't been able to find a single ticket in spite of a day of frantic phone-calling, I was willing to try anything. I brushed past the home-run king and calmly said to the receptionist, "Call George and tell him Grady Jim is here."

The woman looked up from the desk without expression, a veteran at repulsing gate-crashers and con artists. She examined my face, apparently trying to determine if I were telling truth. "What's your name?" she said sharply.

"Grady Jim," I repeated with a devil-may-care tone. "Call George Hendrick, please, he's looking for us downstairs."

When in doubt, be bold. Act like you know what you are doing, right? That's what we always say.

With a weary sigh, the woman picked up the phone and dialed. Dozens of busy journalists, ballplayers' friends, Anheuser-Busch big shots and other notables milled about the room waiting to be escorted inside the stadium to do whatever it is people do who are lucky enough to get into the inner sanctum.

"Hello, is George in the locker room?" the receptionist asked.

There was a pause; it seemed a very long time while she awaited word. Was he on the field already? Would he remember our brief conversation? How many other calls just like this one had he received today?

Finally she said, "Hello, George, there's a Grady Jim here to see you, and he's got some kids with him."

Perspiration popped out along my upper lip and a cold chill crawled up my rigid spine. The woman repeated my name, and I knew George had said, "Who?"

"Grady Jim. He says you're looking for him."

Another silence. Then she hung up the phone and looked at me, again without expression. I imagined her saying, "You jerk! Clear out!" Instead she said, "O.K. sign the clipboard and follow the usher over there."

Like something out of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the locked door clicked and opened wide. We hurried through it behind the usher. Dignitaries and club officials rushing about with clipboards and shouting orders to gofers ignored us as we made our way to the stairs leading downward to the Cardinal locker room. Kenny mumbled in my ear, "I can't believe this!"

"Neither can I," I said. "Stay close and keep the boys near you." Through a hallway we hustled, but our usher escort disappeared in the tangle of humanity. At the bottom of the stairs we turned left. I looked for the familiar face of Silent George. Sure enough, there he was, with a huge smile, buttoning his famous long-legged, double-knit pants.

"Hi, fellas!" he said softly. "Stick close and we'll walk out to the dugout, and after batting practice, we'll come back to the locker room and chat awhile."

From that point, the details melt to-

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gether like a technicolor dream. Passing Tom Seaver and Tony Kubek in the tunnel, we walked with Hendrick to the dugout and looked out at the AstroTurf field. Was that Whitey Herzog? Who was that NBC guy? Hundreds of media people. Crack of bat on ball. Cameras clicking. Busch Stadium empty like a vast cavern reaching upward. And, above, the ubiquitous Goodyear blimp, now benevolently droning into the wind.

Only 12 brief hours after leaving their warm beds in Oklahoma, Little Leaguers Jason and Jared sat in the dugout of the St. Louis Cardinals. Tommy Herr walked by, Ozzie Smith sat only a few feet away. Ted Simmons, Dick Enberg, Bob Costas, Jack Buck showed up. Then it was back to the locker room with Hendrick. Players, coaches and visitors walked in and out of the busy clubhouse, some chatting with reporters, others sitting on stools in front of their lockers patiently awaiting one of the most important events of their lives. Jim Kaat, 43 years old and in his 24th season, stood only a few feet away talking quietly with John Stuper, the 25-year-old starting pitcher. A small sandbox cum spittoon sat in the middle of the floor; it seemed out of place until I remembered that modern ball players are still men of great expectorations.

Hendrick sat the two boys down on his locker stool and wiped the perspiration from his face. Keith Hernandez walked hurriedly to the adjoining locker and asked George for a pen so that he could autograph some pictures. "Keith, meet Jason and Jared from Oklahoma," said Hendrick.

Hernandez smiled, shook hands with the speechless boys and their daddy. Hendrick, with the game only an hour or so away, sat down and pulled two bright red World Series duffel bags from his locker. The bags were filled with all kinds of souvenirs that would go back to Oklahoma and be pawed over by the boys' school friends. A new baseball was casually tossed into each bag, which held note pads with Cardinal emblems, wristbands and batting gloves. Then, without a word, the Silent One walked into the equipment room and reappeared carrying two Louisville Sluggers, George Hendrick-autographed bats. They were the real thing. The number 25—Hendrick's—was neatly inscribed on the knobs, and three single strips of tape about one inch apart were wrapped around the handles. The bats were ready

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for World Series action. "Here you go, fellas, something to take home from the Series," said Hendrick. The boys were stunned. Kenny smiled and muttered many thank-you's.

After handshakes all around, the delirious quartet left the confines of the future world champions' locker room . . . still without tickets. I didn't have the heart to ask Hendrick for player passes, although I was sorely tempted. I felt that he had done enough. I said, "Hit a home run for us, George."

"I won't hit one if they keep pitching me low and outside," he said matter-of-factly. "I'll have to keep hitting them up the middle." The Brewers did continue to throw low and outside. Hendrick slapped two singles, one to left centerfield and one to right, in Game 6 and knocked in the winning run in Game 7 on a sharp single to right center.

Lugging duffel bags and bats and an autographed newspaper article on Hendrick, we made our way up the stairs. My mind raced. We could turn right at the main corridor and walk out the stadium door. I knew it was likely we would not find our way back in for the game. Because we had no tickets, that would be the honest thing to do. Or we could turn left and illegally enter the area behind the box seats. Though we would not have a place to sit, we'd be inside the stadium and could watch the game in the standing-room-only area.

What should be done in front of the impressionable youngsters? Well, there *is* a time to be honorable and to do what is right in the eyes of the law. But, there is also a time to get into the World Series any way you can.

I jerked Kenny by the arm and he grabbed Jason, who nabbed Jared, and we hustled through the double doors into the box-seat area. During Game Six of the 1982 Series, a bedraggled group of four, carrying duffel bags filled with World Series souvenirs and two George Hendrick Model Louisville Sluggers, wandered from section to section, avoiding ushers and ticket-checkers.

Each time Hendrick was at bat, five times in all, there came, from a different location in the stadium, an extra chorus of wildly enthusiastic screaming—first from behind home plate, later, in the third inning, from somewhere down the leftfield line, and still later, in the seventh, from just above the Stadium Club. Best left turn of my life. **END**

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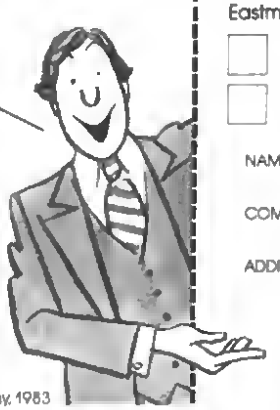

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Nostalgia

by TERRY TODD

A TENNIS COACH OF CLASSIC STATURE PRAISED THE AUTHOR'S UNIQUE FORM

In the late winter of 1957 I was a freshman at the University of Texas in Austin. I was also a member of the tennis team. At 6′ 2″, 245 pounds I was taller than most and, by far, heavier than anyone else on the team. I was, in fact, heavier than any of the 150-plus scholarship athletes then attending Texas, with the exception of a couple of ursine tackles who weighed between 250 and 260. I had inherited a large, robust frame from my grandparents and had put on considerable flesh through the weight training I'd been doing for 10 months or so and the almost embarrassingly large meals I'd been consuming regularly, both at the sumptuous table always set by my mother and in the kitchens of the many broad-built, food-loving kinfolk I had in and around Austin.

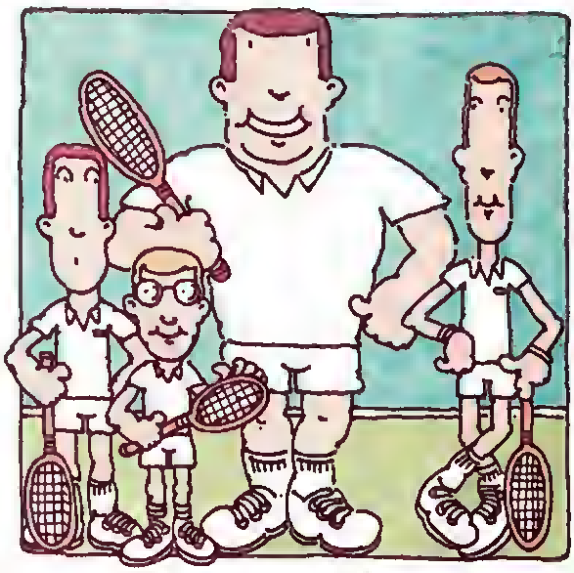
As can easily be imagined, the sight of me thundering around the courts was a source of considerable discussion in local tennis circles. Soon I was being compared to the legendary Carroll Chesson, a young man who had lettered in tennis in 1955 at what was then called Lamar State College of Technology (now Lamar University) in Beaumont while weighing approximately 550 pounds. Five-five-oh. According to the story making the rounds when I was in school, most of which turned out to be apocryphal, Chesson, whose family farm was located directly over a huge oil deposit, provided the Lamar Tech team with two Cadillac limousines for road trips. The part about the farm was true, but the only Caddy the team used was Chesson's own. Chesson was given an occasional turn on the No. 3 doubles team by Coach Lewis Hilley, who was understandably fond of saying that everyone wanted to pair with Chesson because his partner got a chance to play in the shade. When Chesson received his varsity letter, it was affixed to the largest sweater ever presented to an athlete at Lamar.

Although comparisons with—and tall, wide tales about—Chesson and various other dreadnoughts, human or otherwise, were amusing, I did take my tennis seriously. I was proud to be playing for Texas because I'd grown up in Austin hearing and reading about the tennis tradition at the school and especially about the ancient and revered coach, Dr. Daniel Penick.

The Good Gray Doctor, as he was known to everyone, had by then been the coach of the Texas team since the turn of the century. He'd learned to play as a freshman at Texas in 1887, and from that time on, almost without interruption, he was at the center of the growth of the sport in Austin and throughout the state.

Penick was a classics scholar, having earned his B.A. and M.A. at Texas and his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins in 1898, after which he returned to Austin to teach Latin and Greek at Texas. He also threw himself into efforts to gain university support for a tennis team and, upon succeeding, became the unofficial coach, serving without pay until 1940, when, at 71, he finally agreed to a slightly reduced professorial load and a compensatory stipend from the athletic department. He took the concept of amateurism so completely seriously that when he agreed to accept this modest remuneration for coaching tennis, he immediately wrote the United States Lawn Tennis Association and resigned his position on the governing board. His resignation, however, was not accepted.

ILLUSTRATION BY KIMBLE MEAD



In all respects his standards for his players and himself were high and firm. He insisted on white tennis gear, he allowed no play on the varsity courts on Sunday, and he absolutely forbade swearing, though he was not without a sense of humor about it all. Wilmer Allison, who won the NCAA singles title for Texas in 1927 and Forest Hills for himself in 1935, recalled before his death in 1977 that Penick approached him quickly after an explosive "Damn!" early in that championship collegiate season and explained in no uncertain terms that such language would not be permitted.

"An hour later," Allison remembered, "I missed another simple shot and said 'Damn!' again, and the Doctor told me straight off to go take a shower. 'Doctor,' I said, 'What am I supposed to say when I miss a shot like that?' He thought it over and said I could say 'Tut-tut' or 'Dear me.' In the shower I decided 'Tut-tut' didn't offer many possibilities and that I'd go with 'Dear me.' The Doctor always told me I could put more feeling into 'Dear me' than anyone he had ever heard."

Penick's teams won every one of the 10 Southwest Conference titles contested during his more than 50 years as coach, along with 27 of 41 conference singles titles, 31 of 41 doubles crowns, two NCAA singles championships and five doubles titles.

Penick also founded, and for years conducted, the university's Men's Glee Club, directed his church choir, taught Sunday school, served as president of the Southwest Conference from 1923 to 1935 and performed a variety of administrative functions at the university. He finally retired from the classroom at 85, but he was still reading Greek and Latin every day when I joined the team two years later.

When he told his athletes that they were to put their academic work before their tennis, he was most decidedly not giving that concept the lip service paid by many modern coaches. He meant every word of it, and we knew it. Texas is filled with the beneficiaries of his teaching and coaching. Dozens of Phi Beta Kappas lettered at Texas during his years there, and of the top four varsity players during my

sophomore year, one is a prominent lawyer, one is a successful businessman, one is a doctor and one went on to a Ph.D. and an academic career.

Penick was always a hero to me. I remember seeing him riding his bicycle to class and to the courts and still playing on into his 80s a spirited game of tennis in his well-pressed white duck trousers. For a book-loving, athletic boy, being allowed to play at the beautiful, spacious university courts (later named after Penick and Allison) was an honor. I would gladly have played for the Doctor for free. As it was, I wasn't even to play one full season for him; in March of my first year there he officially passed the torch to Allison, who had assisted him for many years. But Penick lived for another seven years, reading classical literature, coming to the courts on sunny days and continuing a wide correspondence with his former players.

By the time I joined the team, his eyesight and legs had begun to fail him a bit, but every day in the fall and winter of my freshman year, when the weather was at all tolerable, Allison would bring Penick to the courts where he would sit bolt upright on a bench behind the baseline, his cane held firmly in both hands between his knees. His august demeanor lent a certain gravity to our practices, and I don't think it would be an overstatement to say that we felt ennobled by the silent attention he paid us. He said little to the players, particularly the freshmen, so I was surprised to be called to his side one afternoon. I was even more surprised by his words. "Todd," he said in his high, precise voice, "I simply wanted to tell you that you are my favorite player."

"Why, why, thank you, Dr. Penick," I replied, as my already inappropriately large chest began to swell with pride and my head filled with recollections of stories about the Doctor's renowned ability to spot talent that with proper nurture could carry a man on beyond the Southwest Conference crown to the intercollegiate championship and the winner's spot at Forest Hills—yea, even unto Wimbledon itself. But just as I was about to serve in my mind a fourth consecutive ace on Centre Court, Penick spoke again, smiling: "You see, Todd, my eyes are not what they used to be, and to be quite honest I can't tell the other players apart very well anymore if they are more than a few feet away. But you, my boy, have a very distinctive silhouette." END

Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

DAVE SIDDON'S LIFE IS FOR THE BIRDS, AND THAT'S JUST THE WAY HE LIKES IT

"I'm doing what I want to do," Dave Siddon says. "I figured out a long time ago that doing what you really enjoy is a lot more important than getting rich, so I'm here, and I'm happy."

"Here" is the Wildlife Images Rehabilitation and Education Center near the town of Merlin on southern Oregon's Rogue River. The center, its brochure proclaims, is "dedicated to saving our wildlife and educating our children." Siddon has been saving wildlife for 42 of his 51 years—the last 10 in Oregon, before that in Southern California—and in 1982 he returned more than 400 injured birds and animals to the wild, among them three bald eagles and nine golden eagles.

On a drizzly winter day, Siddon is standing, a chunk of raw chicken in his hand, on a gravel driveway between his ranch-style house and the center's barn door, looking up at an American kestrel, or sparrow hawk, perched atop a 20-foot pine tree. "This guy never *wanted* to leave," he says. "We turned him loose five years ago, and he's still hanging around. Watch this." He tosses the chicken into the air, and before it reaches the apex of its flight the little hawk, which often hunts from trees, swoops down, clutches the meat in its talons, banks steeply and soars off toward the river, all in less than a second's time.

"Did you see that? Did you see it?" Siddon asks. He's considerably more than six feet tall, ruggedly built, with a thick head of white hair, and when he talks about his birds he always smiles. And he's usually talking about his birds. "It's tough for them at this time of year," he says, looking after the kestrel and grinning broadly. "They can't do a lot of soaring in this weather, and prey species are scarce, so I help out once in a while. Look here in the barn now."

Inside the barn is a blind spotted owl named Ollie, standing on the concrete floor, head turned toward the open door. Siddon walks over and drops another piece of chicken near him and whistles softly. At the signal, Ollie grabs the meat in a talon, turns and walks away to find a place to enjoy his meal in solitude.

"Ollie is a permanent resident, of course," Siddon says. "We're able to save about 60% of the birds and animals we get, and about 90% of the ones that do survive can eventually be released. If we think there's at least a 50–50 chance a creature will make it, we release it.

"My feelings are strong on that subject. I don't believe in keeping wild creatures penned up, and I don't believe in captive wildlife breeding, either, unless there's simply no other way to preserve a species. What they're doing with the California condor right now would be an example of that. But I know of people who are crossbreeding peregrine falcons with other species, hybridizing them. When the crossbreeds escape from falconers—and some will—what will be the result on native gene pools? They've already gone a long way toward ruining various species of fish with hatcheries. Whether you believe in God or in the scheme of nature, you shouldn't manipulate. Let nature take its course.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LESH

"When we do have to keep a bird or animal, though, we make good use of it in our educational programs—but the wilderness is where they belong. And we've treated and released just about everything here over the years—deer, bears, cougars, raccoons, weasels, bobcats, turtles, skunks, foxes—you name it and it's probably been here. Right now, though, most of our guests and patients are birds."

These guests and patients have been brought to the center by private individuals who know of Siddon's work, and by state police and state and federal wildlife officials. Most of the injuries Siddon treats are the result of gunshots, poisons, traps or motor vehicles. Birds of prey in particular suffer at the hands of humans. On slow days, hunters are often tempted to regard soaring hawks and eagles as targets of opportunity. Because several species of hawks and owls hunt near roads, many of them are killed or injured by passing traffic. Birds of prey are also especially susceptible to the poisoned baits set out by ranchers for coyotes.

In the first of several wooden pens behind the center's barn are four magnificent bald eagles. "Two of them are gunshot victims," Siddon says, his smile fading for the first time. "That one over there, on the left, injured his wing when he flew into a power line over near Klamath Falls. My theory is that when birds look at wires, they think they're seeing twigs, and they think they can fly right through them. The other bird, back there in the shadows, caught a fish with about 15 feet of monofilament line in its mouth, and he ended up with the line wrapped around his wing, crippling it."

Farther along are several golden eagles. Two of them are also gunshot victims. They are looking well and will soon be released to the wild. So will a large, lovely female golden eagle that was found by a woman about 80 miles away in a meadow near a mountain lake. She drove the nearly starved bird to Siddon on her lap. Apparently it, too, had flown into a power line and broken a wing. Siddon fed the bird back to health and implanted steel screws in the injured wing. It will be ready for release this spring.

"The eagle over there," Siddon says, pointing to a large female golden that has been screeching continually for several minutes, "is imprinted. That means she grew up with humans and associates with them instead of with her own kind. We'll never be able to release her. But she more than pays her own way. She was featured in a John Denver television special, and not long ago she made a Ford Thunderbird commercial. She's a beautiful bird now, but when we got her she was suffer-

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ing from malnutrition. Her owners—she'd been stolen off a nest—had been feeding her bologna, which doesn't contain enough protein for eagles."

Beyond the pens is a large cage containing various species of hawks, including Happy, who, according to Siddon, is probably the most widely photographed red-tail on earth. Most Americans have seen her on Buick commercials and in print ads. All proceeds earned by Siddon's birds go back to the center. An accomplished independent film-maker himself, Siddon has contributed segments to both *The American Sportsman* and *Last of the Wild* television series. Public donations also help pay the bills, and the center is healthy financially.

"My wife, Judy, and 28-year-old son, David Jr., work with me, and we've hired a young biologist for our educational programs," Siddon says. "They give their presentations—films, talks and exposure to the living birds and animals—in school assemblies across the country. We've been in 32 states so far, and last year we reached about 600,000 youngsters. We have a traveling Birds of Prey program, a Vanishing Species program in Colorado and a Watchable Wildlife program here in Oregon. Next year we hope to expand and get to the Northeast, Southeast and Midwest. We want to add two more Birds of Prey programs and two on Animals Nobody Loves—skunks, vultures and the like. When you can get to young people and show them a hawk or eagle up close, they're a lot less likely to shoot one if they ever take up hunting. And they're going to be a lot more likely to learn to love wild creatures, not to see them as something to destroy, or exploit, or ignore."

The Wildlife Images Center isn't open to the public yet, but Siddon is building new pens for his birds—they will offer better viewing opportunities—and he hopes to open soon on a limited basis, for guided tours and photography workshops. If he can find a good buy on some AstroTurf to cover the floors of his new pens, things will be ready by summer.

"In a way I'm living my father's dream here," he says. "He was born in Tennessee and raised and cared for birds all his life. I grew up in Southern California, the San Fernando Valley, and our backyard was always full of cages. My father treated injured birds, and he raised doves, finches and parakeets and sold them to make money for vacations. He worked as a mechanic, but he always hoped to be able to devote all his time to birds. But the Depression came along, and then the war. He knew a lot, and I learned from him. I haven't had any formal training to speak of in what I do here, but I had my first patient when I was nine years old—a mourning dove. Next there was a mockingbird. When I was 12 I remember a barn owl, and by the time I was 17 I was up to golden eagles. Look! See up there?"

A screech owl is sitting on an oak tree limb, staring down from 30 feet away. "We released her awhile back, but she's not sure she wants to leave, either," Siddon says.

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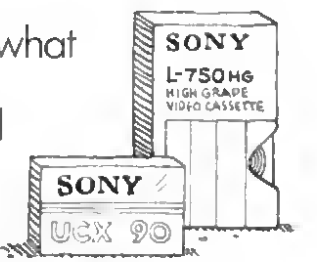

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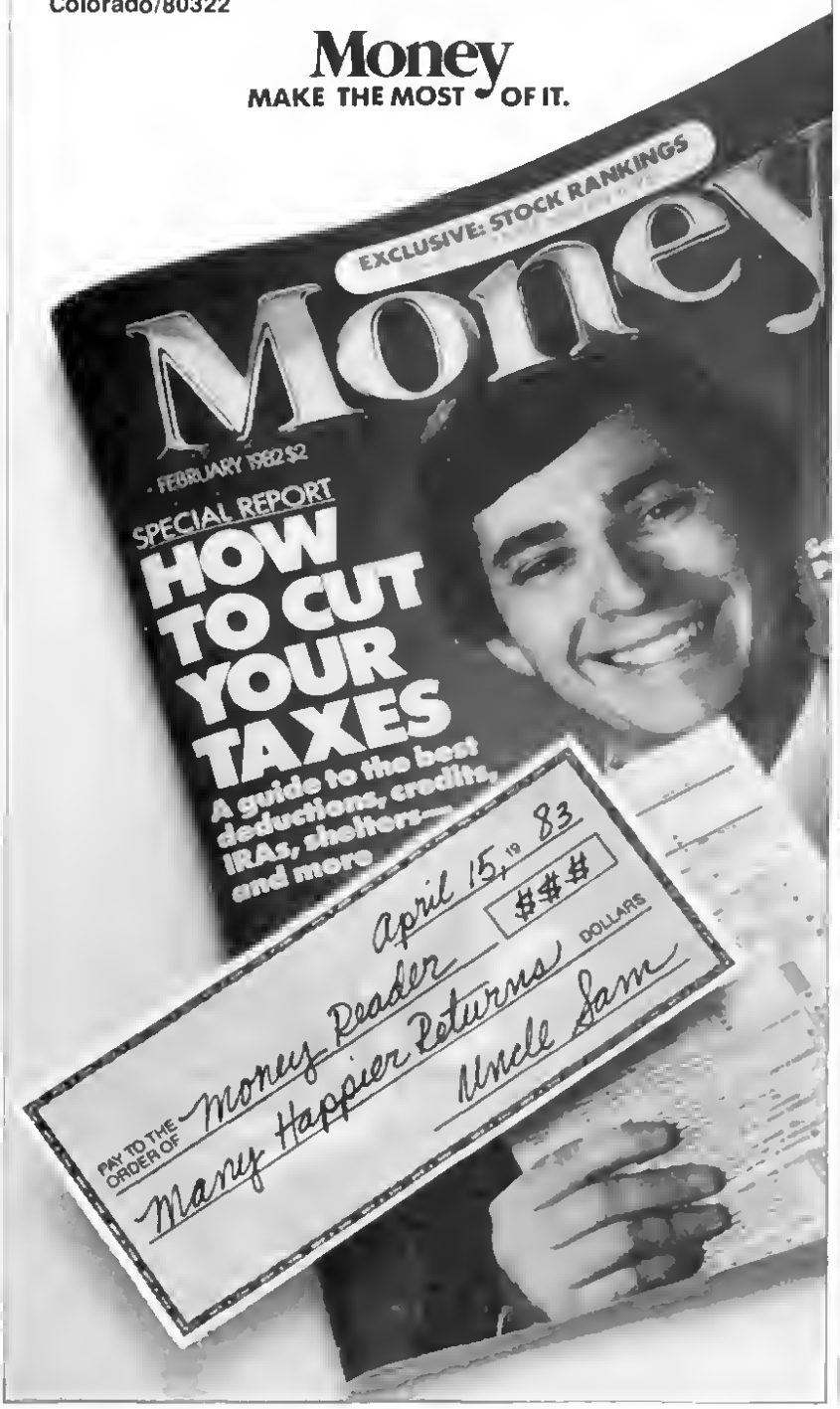

ment of owls and a vulture with a bad left leg. Siddon reaches into one of the pens and comes out with a pygmy owl, which is barely larger than a sparrow, but with formidable talons and bright yellow eyes. "Ounce for ounce, he's as deadly as any predator alive," Siddon says. "Around here we have to remember that all of these are wild creatures, not pets. I almost lost an eye to a golden eagle once, and a thumb to a raccoon."

Walking back toward the barn, Siddon remembers a story. This one really makes him smile. "But, of course, it's their wildness we want to preserve," he begins. "In 1981 a state biologist brought me a bald eagle from up near Glide, along the North Umpqua River. It was one of a pair that had been observed in that area. The bird was almost dead when my friend got him here by pickup on a Sunday morning. He couldn't even hold his head up. It was strychnine poisoning. I could smell it right away. He'd probably been at a tainted carcass set out for coyote bait. We force-fed him for weeks, finally nursed him back to health. When it came time to take the bird back where it came from to release it—this was in April—the press and television people came out to watch.

"That always makes me a little nervous, because I'm afraid a bird might just fly up to the nearest tree limb and sit there looking back at me. But everything went perfectly. Like they said the next day in the Roseburg paper, Walt Disney couldn't have written a better script. When I set the eagle free, he sailed straight across the river. He was full of energy, really going!" At this point, Siddon begins to flap his arms like wings, trying to recreate the moment. "He caught a thermal and went up 800 or 1,000 feet and then circled for a while. Then he caught *another* thermal and rose another 1,000 feet. Minutes had passed by then. When he finally leveled off up there, he was just a speck. And then another eagle appeared, sailing in from somewhere! Suddenly there were two of them there, and off they went together. Why, by that time the woman running the television camera was in tears. It was perfect all right—better than perfect! That's what it's all about!"

In a nearby pen a golden eagle flaps its powerful wings. A hawk calls shrilly, and Siddon glances at the pens and then looks up at the sky, remembering the bald eagle. No wonder he's happy. **END**

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Game Seven 1982 NBA Eastern Conference Championship

Photo by Heinz Kluetmeier

Only seconds remained before the start of the seventh game between Boston and Philadelphia for the NBA's Eastern Conference championship—a game that, if the Sixers lost, would have been the most devastating in a succession of postseason 76er swoons. And, suddenly, materializing almost before their eyes in Boston Garden stood five Boston fans wearing hooded sheets bearing the legend THE GHOSTS OF CELTICS PAST.... "That's when I got scared," Philadelphia's Julius Erving said. "I thought it was the Klan."

But that blast from the past didn't help the Celtics.... This Philadelphia team played like the old run-and-shoot gangs of the late '70s, and the runningest and shootingest were Erving and Andrew Toney. The Doctor...scored 29 points. Toney, a/k/a the Boston Strangler, got 34. "We were a different team today," said [Sixer Guard Maurice] Cheeks. "We played like we were possessed." But not by The Ghosts of the Celtics Past. —*Anthony Cotton SI—May 31, 1982.*

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 2-8

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

PRO BASKETBALL—In last season's Western Conference finals Los Angeles humiliated San Antonio in four straight games on the way to the NBA title This year the vengeful Spurs took four of five regular-season games from the Lakers, but L A got a leg up in their conference-final rematch with a 119–107 Game 1 victory Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Norm Nixon scored 30 points each for the Lakers, offsetting a combined 51 points from San Antonio's Mike Mitchell and Johnny Moore The Spurs had reached the conference championships by knocking out Denver in five games, including a 145–105 pasting of the Nuggets in Game 5 at San Antonio George Gervin s 26 points led seven Spurs in double figures as San Antonio established five-game playoff records for points (664), field goals (274), field-goal percentage (51 6) and assists (181), and a single-game playoff record 51 assists in Game 5 The Nuggets averted a shutout by winning Game 4 in Denver, 124–114, with Kiki Vandeweghe scoring a game-high 37 points With Norm Nixon getting a career-high 36 points, the Lakers beat Portland 116–108 to win their Western semifinal series from the Blazers in five games Milwaukee completed a four-game sweep of Boston in the Eastern semis with a 107–93 victory in Milwaukee, but dropped a 111–109 overtime decision at Philadelphia in Game 1 of the Eastern Conference finals Maurice Cheeks had 26 points for the Sixers, while Marques Johnson led the Bucks with 30 points.

BOXING—SANTOS LACIAR retained his WBA flyweight championship with a second-round knockout of Shuichi Hozumi in Tokyo

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL Michigan, the league's hottest team defeated Arizona 21–10 for its fifth consecutive victory The Panthers are now 6–4, and just a game back of Central Division co-leaders Chicago and Tampa Bay Michigan reserve Quarterback Whit Taylor, pressed into service after starter Bobby Hebert sustained a head injury in the second quarter, passed for 198 yards and a 51-yard touchdown to Derek Holloway In Chicago, Tim Spencer and Kevin Long each rushed for two touchdowns as the Blitz crushed Washington 31–3 to hand the Federals their sixth straight loss Tampa Bay kept pace with Chicago in the Central with a 17–10 victory over Oakland The Invaders had knocked Arizona out of sole possession of first place in the Pacific Division by outgunning the Wranglers 34–20 on Monday night Los Angeles snapped a two-game losing streak and took over first place in the Pacific with a 23–20 win over slumping Boston Mike Rae hit Kris Haines for a six-yard touchdown pass with 18 seconds to play to send the Breakers to their third straight loss In Philadelphia, David Trout's 18-yard field goal with 13:42 left to play gave the Atlantic Division-leading Stars a 6–3 win over Denver, in the first USFL game in which a touchdown was not scored.

GOLF—OAVIO GRAHAM shot a nine-under-par 275 to win the $400,000 Houston Open by five strokes over Lee Elder, Jim Thorpe and Lee Trevino

Shooting a 10-under-par 206, JANET COLES won a $150,000 LPGA tournament in Roswell, Ga by six strokes over Sandra Post

HOCKEY—Edmonton bounced Chicago out of their best-of-seven Campbell Conference-final series in four straight games to become the first former WHA team to reach the Stanley Cup finals The Oilers scored four goals in the first 17 minutes of Game 4, two of them by Jaroslav Pouzar, to coast past the Black Hawks 6–3 Edmonton now faces the three-time defending champion Islanders, who roared to their fourth consecutive appearance in the finals by knocking off Boston in six games (*page 72*).

HORSE RACING—SUNNY'S HALO ($7), ridden by Eddie Delahoussaye, won the $531,000 Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs by two lengths over Desert Wine The 3-year-old covered the 1¼ miles in 2:02⅕ (*page 30*)

PRINCESS ROONEY ($2.40), Jacinto Vasquez aboard, won the $179,950 Kentucky Oaks at Churchill Downs by a length and a quarter over Bright Crocus The 3-year-old filly covered the mile and one-eighth in 1:50⅘ (*page 34*)

MOTOR SPORTS—DEREK BELL and STEFAN BELLOF, racing in a Porsche 956 turbo, won a 1,000-kilometer Grand Prix endurance race in Silverstone, England Averaging 123.20 mph on the 2,932-mile course, they completed the race in 5:24:29, defeating Bob Wollek and Stefan Johannson, who also drove a Porsche, by 53 seconds

DARRELL WALTRIP drove a Chevrolet to victory in the $173,105 Marty Robbins 420-mile NASCAR race He averaged 98.562 mph around the 596-mile Nashville International Raceway oval, beating Bobby Allison, who drove a Buick, by a lap

SOCCER—NASL Western Division-leading Vancouver remained the league's lone unbeaten team, edging Seattle 1–0 on an unassisted goal by Carl Valentine at 65:35 The score was the first yielded this season by Seattle Goalkeeper Joe Corrigan Tampa Bay moved into first place in the Southern Division, seven points ahead of Fort Lauderdale and Team America with a 3–2 overtime victory over Montreal Luis Fernando, who entered the match in the overtime period, scored the deciding goal after Montreal's Elvis Comrie tied the score at 2–2 with 2:42 remaining in regulation Team America got a goal from Alan Green with 18:10 remaining in a 1–0 defeat of Tulsa Fort Lauderdale snapped a 196-minute scoring drought in upsetting the visiting Cosmos 4–1 Roger Davies, who was picked up by the Strikers after Seattle released the 32-year-old forward, scored Fort Lauderdale's first goal this season and then set up two others by Teofilo Cubillas The Cosmos avenged that loss the following Sunday beating Fort Lauderdale 3–2 in overtime

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL Cleveland forced its Eastern Division-final series with Baltimore into a fifth and deciding game by getting three goals from Vic Davidson and two more from George Nanchoff in a 6–3 Game 4 victory over the Blast With Jim Polihan and Joe Fink scoring two goals apiece in Game 3, Baltimore had beaten the Force 7–3 before 16,136 in the Richfield Coliseum the second-largest Force crowd ever and the third-highest in league playoff history The Eastern winner will face San Diego which completed a three-game sweep of Wichita in the West to advance to the championship series in its first year in the league The Sockers, who won the NASL indoor title last year, got two goals from Kaz Deyna in the 4–3 series-clinching win

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE defeated Vitas Gerulaitis 6–3, 7–5 to win the $500,000 Tournament of Champions in Forest Hills N Y (*Page 40*)

ANDREA TEMESVARI defeated Bonnie Gadusek 6–1, 6–0 to win the $150,000 women's Italian Open in Perugia

MILEPOSTS—TRADED By the Baltimore Colts the rights to Quarterback JOHN ELWAY, the Colts' first-round choice in the NFL draft and the top pick overall, to the Denver Broncos, for Denver's first pick, Offensive Guard CHRIS HINTON, reserve Quarterback MARK HERRMANN, and the Broncos' 1984 first-round choice Elway subsequently signed a series of five one-year contracts with Denver worth an estimated $1 million a season

DIED NORM VAN BROCKLIN, 57, a member of the Pro Football Hall of Fame and an eight-time All-Pro quarterback, of a heart attack, in Social Circle, Ga In 12 seasons with the Rams (1949-57) and Eagles (1958-60), Van Brocklin completed 1,553 of 2,895 passes for 23,611 yards and 173 touchdowns He also coached the Minnesota Vikings (1961-67) and Atlanta Falcons (1968-74), amassing a 66–100–7 record

OLIN A DUTRA, 82, winner of the 1932 PGA championship and the 1934 U S Open, in Newman, Calif He was inducted into the PGA Hall of Fame in 1962

CREDITS

4—Lane Stewart **25**—Illustration by Sam O Weissman **30,31**—Heinz Kluetmeier **32**—Jerry Cooke **33**—Ronald C Modra (top) Heinz Kluetmeier **34**—Heinz Kluetmeier **35**—Barton Silverman **36,37**—Jerry Wachter **38,39**—Tony Tomsic **40,41**—Manny Millan **42**—Jacqueline Duvoisin **47**—Manny Millan (top) Jacqueline Duvoisin **48,49**—Heinz Kluetmeier **60**—Mickey Pfleger **61**—Heinz Kluetmeier (top) Mickey Pfleger **62**—Heinz Kluetmeier **64**—John Iacono **70**—Andy Hayt **71**—George Tiedemann **72,74**—Paul Barswell **77**—Ron Koch **78-81**—Mark Peters **82**—Selwyn Tait (top) Mark Peters **82**—Mark Peters **84**—Graham Finlayson (top) John Rubython **86**—Selwyn Tait **88**—Selwyn Tait (top) Mark Peters **90**—John Rubython **94**—Pignat News Ltd **113**—Dave Black James Pitre Jr

FACES IN THE CROWD

JEFF LAWSON
TULSA

Lawson, a right-hand-hitting senior third baseman for Phillips University, hit 33 home runs in 51 games for the Haymakers this season to establish an NAIA single-season record He also drove in 91 runs and had a .506 batting average

CHINH NGHIEM
BELLFLOWER, CALIF

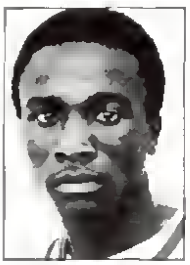
Chinh, a seventh-grader at Bellflower High whose family left Vietnam in 1978, made 23 of 25 free throws to win the 10-to-11-year-old girls' division of the Elks National Freethrow Contest in Indianapolis over 11 other national finalists

ED QUIER
HELLERTOWN, PA

Quier, 51, a hydraulic repairman, won his sixth U S Weightlifting Federation title in eight years, the age 50-to-54 123-pound crown, in Cleveland He had lifts of 121 pounds in the snatch and 148 pounds in the clean and jerk.

MICHELE BROUSSARD
HOLMA, LA

Michele, a senior right-handed pitcher, led Vandebilt Catholic High to a four-year 112–1 record and four straight state Class AA girls' softball titles She won 88 games without a loss, the best high school girls' career record ever.



STEVE McCRORY
DETROIT

PERNELL WHITAKER
NORFOLK, VA

McCrory and Whitaker, both 19 and 1982 U S. amateur champions, won gold medals at the World Boxing Championships in Reno McCrory, whose older brother Milton is the WBC's No 1-ranked welterweight, scored a split decision over Yuri Alexandrov of the Soviet Union in the 112-pound class Whitaker won a unanimous decision over Angel Herrera of Cuba in the 132-pound class, avenging a loss to Herrera in the finals of the '82 world championships

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BENOIT'S BOSTON

Sir:

The article about Joan Benoit (*The Marathon's Maine Woman*, May 2) was excellent. Kenny Moore and Lisa Twyman did a fine job of capturing this extraordinary woman's determination and competitive fire. The praise and recognition she is receiving is well deserved, and I would be the first person to stand and applaud her efforts—something I had the opportunity to do one week later at a race here in Kalamazoo.

But how could you cover the prestigious Boston Marathon and include nothing more about the men's winner, Greg Meyer, than a brief mention of his oxygen consumption and his "sterling time of 2:09:00"? Come on, SI, you're getting wrapped up in record mania, just like the rest of America. If someone doesn't break a record, the event's not worth reporting.

Over the past eight months Meyer has been one of America's top male distance runners. In his last 16 races he has had 12 wins and four seconds—one to Alberto Salazar, another to Rob de Castella. He has also set American records, in the 15, 20 and 30 kilometers, in the process.

JIM HACKENBERG
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

Joan Benoit shatters the women's world record in one of the marathon's premier events—Boston. She runs just off the pace that won the *men's* division of the Los Angeles Marathon (FACES IN THE CROWD, May 2). The race comes one day after Grete Waitz ties the old women's world record in the London Marathon. And who's on the cover of SI after the most exciting week in women's marathoning history? Larry Bird of the Boston Celtics. The Celts beat a mediocre team in the NBA playoffs in a game most notable for a disgusting brawl.

As I was burning over your cover, the irony struck me. The surest way for a woman to appear on the cover of SI is not to smash world records, but rather to don a bathing suit.

STEVEN L. WILLBORN
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

My husband is a male chauvinist and a big fan of Larry Bird, but even he says Joan Benoit should have been your cover subject!

JILL SWEITZER
Orinda, Calif.

NEW PITCH

Sir:

Herm Weiskopf has thrown a high, hard one with his new INSIDE PITCH (April 18 et *seq*.). We've been waiting a long time for this kind of baseball reporting.

WATSON SPOELSTRA
President
Baseball Chapel
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir:

I've read SI week in and week out for nine years, and while I've thoroughly enjoyed every issue, I feel that INSIDE PITCH is icing on the cake. Now, instead of reading what I've previously learned from daily box scores, I get insights into the personal aspects of major league baseball.

CHARLES E. STARR
Troy, N.Y.

Sir:

I'm disappointed that you dropped BASEBALL'S WEEK. Herm Weiskopf did an excellent job of keeping the readers informed on the highlights of the divisional races. The new INSIDE PITCH section may be appropriate for trivia buffs, but game information appeals to me as a baseball fan much more than does the fact that the Toronto banner was upside down in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium.

I don't recall reading any criticism of BASEBALL'S WEEK, which, as you say, ran for nearly 25 years. You must have been doing something right. Please give it back to us.

FREDERICK C. BLAIR
Salem, N.H.

Sir:

You stated (INSIDE PITCH, April 18) that Houston's Joe Sambito recently underwent his "third operation on his right elbow and won't pitch again, if at all, until 1984." As Joe's sister, I know Joe's determination, and he will be back pitching in '84. I do have one question, though. If Joe, one of the premier *lefthanded* relievers in the game until his injury, has had surgery on his *right* elbow, why is he telling his family he can't pitch? I'm sure he wouldn't need that much rest. Shame on you, SI, the surgery was on his left elbow.

ANNETTE JOHNSON
Holbrook, N.Y.

IN PURSUIT OF THE CUP

Sir:

There are too many teams making it into the NHL playoffs. While reading Alexander Wolff's article on the Islanders' victory over the Rangers in the Stanley Cup playoffs (*It Was Bourne Again and Again*, May 2), I was reminded of how the fans are being taken advantage of. All during the regular season I've watched the Islanders go out on the ice and give minimal effort. As the league's best team, they should have finished first in the standings, but there was just no motivation. They seemed to feel that they could merely show up and still make the playoffs rather easily.

Cutting the number of playoff teams to eight is the only answer. This will force the players on each team to go all out every game. I'm sure I've got all America behind me on this one.

PETE BARTA
Faribault, Minn.

ROOMIES

Sir:

Concerning Jack McCallum's story about roommates (*For Better, for Worse*, May 2), in the early 1900s, for economic reasons, baseball players shared the same bed when on the road. One such historic sleeping arrangement prompted perhaps the most unusual clause ever written into a player's contract.

While lying in bed at night, Pitcher Rube Waddell, the zany Hall of Famer, enjoyed munching animal crackers by the boxful before falling asleep. Ossee Schreckengost, his batterymate and bedmate on the Philadelphia Athletics, became so incensed at this inconsiderate habit that he threatened to quit the team unless Waddell ceased. The following season, after some sensitive negotiations, a clause was added to Waddell's contract prohibiting him from eating crackers in bed. Schreckengost remained with the team.

ROBERT A. MULDOON
Manchester, Conn.

Sir:

Art Fowler's story about Ryne Duren's argument with a floor lamp doesn't need explaining to those of us who saw him pitch. Duren's glasses were as thick as the bottoms of Coke bottles, and more than once he wild-pitched all the way back to the screen on the fly! When he took his glasses off in a hotel room, the floor lamp probably looked to him like King Kong!

DAVID L. DRAPER
Brandon, Fla.

Sir:

In his entertaining article, Jack McCallum omitted perhaps the most famous set of sports roommates and one of the first interracial pairings in NFL annals—the late Brian Piccolo and the legendary Gale Sayers. As a lesson in humanity, love and nobility of spirit, Brian and Gale will always be paired in the American sports consciousness.

WILLIAM E. CARSLEY
Chicago

BENJIE AND LOUIS (CONT.)

Sir:

I am writing in regard to a recent article entitled *An Encounter to Last an Eternity* (April 11) by Frank Deford.

continued

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While not wishing to comment on the merits of the story itself or the accuracy of the comments contained in it, I am deeply concerned that Deford has written an article about a situation that involves a court action without apparently taking into consideration that there are other sides to the story. It would appear that he has accepted as fact allegations in litigation that may very well not be accurate and has conveyed these allegations to your readers as fact.

I am most concerned about a statement that indicates the bout in which Benjamin Davis died was sanctioned by the United States Olympic Committee. The United States Olympic Committee has no authority to sanction athletic events, either under the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, which gives it its power and authority, or under the constraints of the Constitution of the United States Olympic Committee.

For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to accept such a statement as fact and convey it to your readers as such is not only inaccurate reporting, at the very least, but also does a great disservice to your readers.

F DON MILLER
Executive Director
United States Olympic Committee
Colorado Springs

STEPIEN'S POSITION

Sir:

In Bruce Newman's article *The Race for Ralph* (April 25) it was stated that Ted Stepien "once dropped softballs from a Cleveland skyscraper to promote his new slow-pitch league and subsequently paid $35,875 in damages to a woman whose wrist was broken by one of the balls."

Contrary to reports to that effect published at the time, the above statement is erroneous in several respects. Stepien was requested to perform the task not to promote his softball league but rather to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Terminal Tower, a Cleveland landmark, by reenacting a feat that had been performed by the Cleveland Indians many years before. Stepien steadfastly denied any liability throughout the ensuing litigation and, in fact, refused to pay any monies to compensate the injured party. The money to which you refer was paid by an insurance company that insured five defendants other than Stepien. Stepien never wavered from his position and ultimately paid nothing.

In the interest of fair reporting, I believe these errors should be corrected.

KENT B SCHNEIDER
Hermann, Cahn & Schneider
Attorney for Theodore J. Stepien
Cleveland

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020

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